JOHN BULL, week ending March 18, 1944

# JOHN BULL

3D EVERY THURSDAY

VOL. LXXV, 1970

WORLD NEED No. 1
By The EDITOR

A MAN TO WATCH
By SWAFFER

CAN WE DO IT THIS YEAR?
Asks A.G.G.

## The lads from our street

The men who fought at Narvik, at Bruneval and Crete,
They were youngsters from our village,
and lads from down our street;
The men who followed Monty, the deathless desert rats
Once played round here—with sticks for stumps
and lumps of wood for bats;
A day will come when bells will ring
and flags will be unfurled
To cheer the British Tommies
who helped to save the world;
Great men will tell how once they snatched
high victory from defeat,
But to us they'll always be the lads
who went from down our street.

# SALUTE THE SOLDIER

## How can we show our gratitude

to these men? The best, the most practical tribute we can offer them is to give them our complete support—by saving more. Let that be your salute to the soldier. SAVE MORE.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

# MF FOOD FACTS

## POINTS GUIDE March 5th to April 1st

**BISCUITS:** Matzoo, 1 point per lb. "Welfare," "Emergency Meal," etc. 2 points per lb. Plain 4 points. Sweet 8 points. Chocolate 16 points.

**Broken Biscuits** are half the above values.

**CEREAL BREAKFAST FOODS:** 2, 3 or 4 points per package according to size. Rolled Oats (loose) 1 point per 8 oz.

**CONDENSED MILK:** Special Full Cream sweetened 4 or 8 points according to size. Full Cream sweetened 3 or 6 points according to size. Full Cream unsweetened 2 or 4 points according to size. Skimmed 2 or 4 points according to size.

**FISH** *(canned)*: Crawfish, 24 points per lb. Herring, Mackerel, Pilchard — 1's oval 2 points per tin, 1's tall 2 points, ½'s oval and round 1 point, 5 oz. 1 point. Salmon (Grades 1 and 2) 1's tall and flat 32 points, ½'s flat 20 points, ¼'s flat 10 points. Grade 3 — 1's tall and flat and ½'s flat 4 points, ¼'s flat 2 points. Sardines, American or Canadian 2 points per tin. Portuguese or Moroccan 3 - 7 points usual sizes, 10 - 36 points large sizes. For points values of other canned or bottled fish, see the Ministry of Food's *Retail Price List*.

**FRUIT** *(home-produced, canned)*: Supplies of Plums and Damsons are in very short supply, 4-8 points a can according to size.

**FRUIT** *(dried)*: Prunes, Figs and Dried Apples 6 points per lb. Dates, Sultanas, Raisins, Currants and Evaporated and any other dried fruit 8 points.

**MEAT** *(canned)*: Minced Meat Loaf 16 points per lb. Canned Pork Sausage Meat 8 points per lb. Stewed Steak 24 points per 1 lb. Canned Rabbit 20 points per 1 lb. 32 points per 2 lb. Ready or prepared meals 4 points per 1 lb. Tongues, Briskets, Pressed Beef 32 points per 1 lb. Luncheon Meat, Pork or Ham Loaf, 12-oz. size 11 points, 1 - lb. size 15 points. Luncheon Meat sold sliced 16 points per lb. Meat Roll or Galantine 1, 4 or 5 points according to size, when sold sliced 2 points per lb.

**PEAS, BEANS, LENTILS** *(dried)*: Lentils and yellow Split Peas 2 points per lb. Haricot Beans, Peas and other Split Peas 1 point.

**RICE, SAGO, TAPIOCA** 4 points per lb.

**SYRUP, TREACLE** 8 points per lb.

**VEGETABLES** *(canned)*: Beans baked in Tomato Sauce 2 - 8 points according to size. Peas (where available) 2 - 12 points according to size. Tomatoes (where available) 3-9 points according to size.

**The total number of points per person remains at 20. A—1, B—2, C—2**

**CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT!**

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 192

# What every woman ought to know about cooking with Dried Eggs

**1** To get best results with dried eggs, be careful about reconstituting. First beat out lumps against side of the basin with a spoon; add *half* the water, mix till all lumps disappear; then add rest of water and stir till smooth as cream.

**2** When making cakes or puddings by the "rubbing in" method, add the dried eggs *dry* to the other dry ingredients and add the water afterwards. As white and yolk are blended together in dried eggs, you get an even mixture every time

**3** An omelette is easier and quicker with dried eggs. FOUR REMINDERS: (1) see that your fat is "smoking" hot; (2) cook *quickly*; (3) don't over-cook; (4) serve immediately eggs are "set."

**4** Eggs are a protein food like meat and fish, and dried eggs have exactly the same nutritional value as shell eggs. Give the family egg dishes *often!*

*Don't mix dried eggs with water till you are ready to use them.*

**Children holding green Ration Books are allowed a double ration of dried eggs.**

*Issued by The Ministry of Food, London, W.1*

*Energy in action!*

As graceful as a gazelle—as lithe and spirited as a young lioness! Such is Marion's joyous health-reward for Mother's wise reliance on Weetabix . . . a most delicious food for both children and grown-ups. Serve Weetabix at breakfast and anytime . . . on its own, or with butter, milk, cheese, sardines and in other appetising ways. The priceless blessing of good health is the boon conferred by good, nourishing food.

Serve Weetabix *regularly!*

*"Zoned — like all cereals—but perhaps YOU live in a Weetabix-area."*

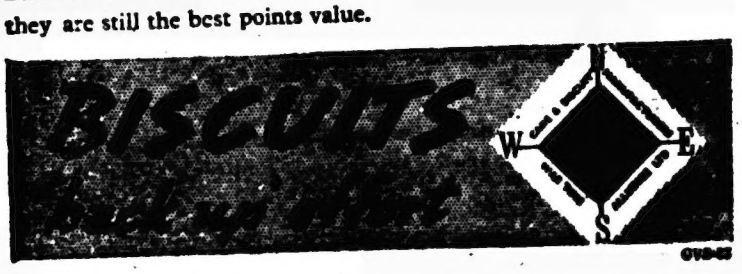
**Weetabix** *MAKE Mine a Breakfast First!*

SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½D
LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 1/1D

WOKING WEETABIX LTD., BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS

Pack some biscuits in their satchels for they'll need something to restore the energy they'll exhaust in work and play. Biscuits are an ideal food for school-children, rich in nourishment, easily packed and carried, quickly eaten and digested.

Biscuits are rather scarce but remember they are still the best points value.




CUD-52

*John White says:—*

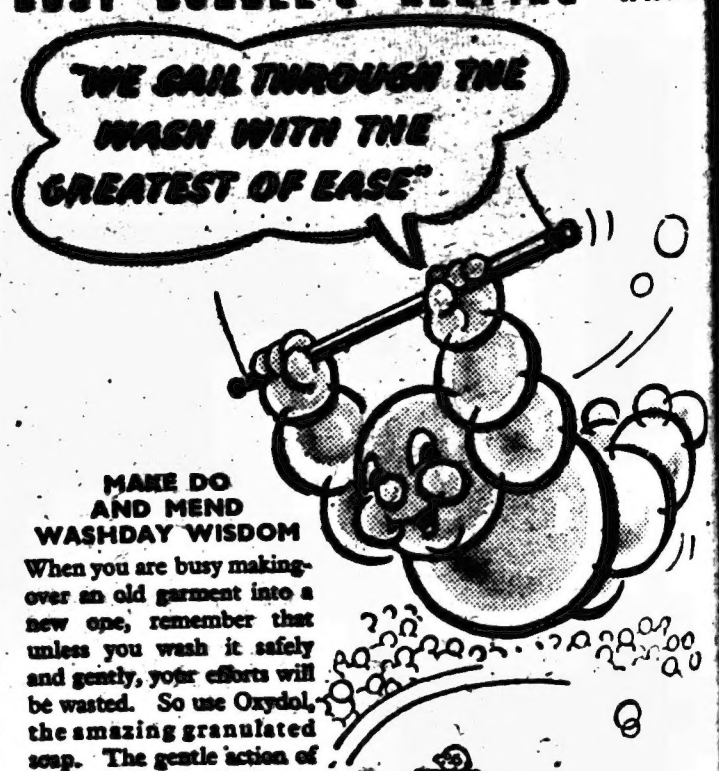
**'Practically all my output of boots goes to the armed forces, but a restricted supply is available for civilian workers.'**

Ask for them by name:—

*John White*
**Impregnable**
**FOOTWEAR**

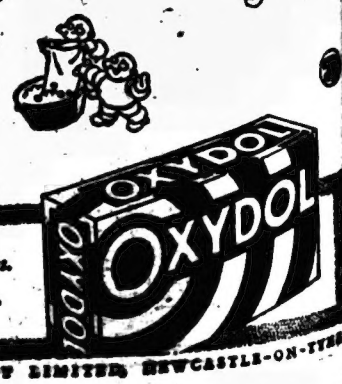
JOHN WHITE (Impregnable Boots) LTD.
HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS.

**BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND**




**MAKE DO AND MEND WASHDAY WISDOM**

When you are busy making-over an old garment into a new one, remember that unless you wash it safely and gently, your efforts will be wasted. So use Oxydol, the amazing granulated soap. The gentle action of Oxydol's Busy Bubble lather washes everything bright and clean without hard rubbing and scrubbing. And that means clothes coupons are saved every washday.




3½d. size - 1 coupon. 7d. size - 2 coupons.
*A Class 1 Product. At your shop.*

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

# JOHN BULL

*Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 18, 1944,*
*93 Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468*


*"Come the three corners of the world in arms,*
*And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue*
*If England to itself do rest but true."*

## HOLD-UP

● JOHN BULL has been an outspoken champion of the miners. We have supported their claims for higher wages and better working conditions. We have demanded reorganisation of the industry to make it efficient and prosperous, and we haven't blinked at the word "nationalisation."

So we cannot be accused of Diehardism if we say bluntly that the new wave of pit disputes is both deplorable and indefensible.

To strike now is to imperil the vast military operations in course of preparation. It is a stab in the Serviceman's back. It is good therefore to see from recent miners' votes that the voice of reason is beginning to prevail.

Yes, we know the recent wage increases resulted in anomalies and absurdities. That is almost inevitable without a real overhaul of the complicated and out-of-date wage system

But that overhaul is about to be started. Government, owners and the men's leaders are discussing the ways and means.

To go over their heads is to weaken the power of organised trade unionism, and make a valuable gift to the Nazi thugs who have made slaves of all the miners of Continental Europe.

**Straight from the Shoulder**

# SKY WRITING

HE Allied circle of operations is widening; Germany's is shrinking rapidly.

Like an ocean tide, the Russians are rolling across r outer defences, and her ability defend even her innermost fast-sses is now being weakened by the adual destruction of the *Luftwaffe*. Germany's doom is being written the sky above her capital.

### ong-Range

The escort, more than a thousand ong, of fighters for the Berlin bom-rs suggests that we could provide air er for our invading troops on more n one stretch of Europe's coasts.

General Dittmar does well to warn his arers to prepare for "combined opera-ns in the East and West, and possibly o in the Mediterranean."

### olling On

He should also have spoken of the uth-East. For Zhukov and his grim-ed men, ploughing through slush and d, are within a hundred miles or so only of Czechoslovakia but Hungary d Rumania.

nd what are a hundred miles to the ssians?

### eking a Way

ndirectly, their progress should dis-rage the Finns from dangerous ering. Directly, it will undoubtedly ten the search of Rumania and Bul-ia for a way out of the war.

robably we shall not insist on their conditional surrender." But they not expect easy terms.

### ing South

ot that Hitler will surrender the kans without a fight.

rom his crumbling positions in the aine, Von Manstein will probably e his armies across the Hungarian Rumanian frontiers. Indeed, the sians report that already German forcements are pouring south.

### rkey Watches

lgaria's moves will interest Turkey. Turkey has always feared that if opened the Dardanelles to us for purpose of linking up with the Rus-Black Sea Fleet for a Balkans ck, the Nazi divisions in Bulgaria d surge into Thrace and reach the lanelles before us.

ell, those divisions may soon be rwise employed.

### Cover

ey will not be given much air cover. the broken divisions in Russia get that. The bulk of the *Luft-* has been drawn to the West—and we are forcing it up in order to it down!

### Berlin's Doom

Berlin is nearing its end. Nothing can now save it. Its extinction will dislocate but not ruin the German transport system.

For example, Sweden obtains ample supplies of fruit and fish from Hungary. So evidently the German railways still function—and presumably the Germans can do without that food themselves.

### Invasion

They certainly seem to be invasion-conscious. But the fewer speculations made in Britain, the better will be our chance of success when the momentous day dawns.

For security's sake, JOHN BULL has merely hinted that our invasion will be helped by many really secret weapons. Last week, Mr. Lyttelton openly stated that their existence is a fact. And nothing more should be said of them.

### Giant Tanks

In Italy, one of the enemy's first "secret weapons" has made a reappearance: the 38-ton panzer tank. And Kesselring is bringing up still more men; he must now have nearly thirty divisions in the country.

But his losses are heavy. His chance of denting the Anzio square is passing. Alexander's opportunity of a great offensive will come with the hardening of the ground.

### Historic Name

It might be unwise to analyse too closely Alexander's remark that "Other things are happening."

What is becoming quite clear is that his operations will be among the most fateful of this war. As with his Roman predecessor, his name will endure.

### Friendly Act

In the North, the Germans have mounted machine-guns to intimidate the strikers at Milan and Turin.

These Italians are giving fresh proof of a hard core of anti-Fascism that the United Nations should be using to good service.

### Our Allies

Then King Peter's mission to London is evidence that his government is on its last legs. He must co-operate with Tito or lose the Allies' support.

To our credit, we have helped to secure unity among the Greek guerillas. But we cannot much longer offer either sympathy or patience to the Polish Government unless its relations with the U.S.S.R. are improved.

### Straight or Curved?

On the other hand, suggestions that Britain and the U.S. differ on strategy in the Far East should really be expressed in the past tense.

What happened was simply this: Some British authorities favoured a roundabout campaign aimed at the early recovery of Singapore and Malaya

American strategy was based on Nelson's dictum: Strike at the trunk, and the branches will look after themselves. It planned a straight thrust through Burma to China.

### The Right One

After the Cairo conference it became plain that the American plan had been adopted.

A wise decision, surely For, as Admiral Nimitz has said, the only way to defeat Japan is to strike at Japan itself.

That means a big bomber offensive. For this purpose, aircraft-carriers are ineffective. We must have air bases in China.

### Not Enough

To reconquer Burma in order to reach China we have an army of 2,000,000 men waiting in India. We have an increasing Air Force there.

But geography is the trouble. We shall have to make landings by sea to avoid the impenetrable jungles and morasses.

And we shall not be able to spare any great amount of shipping until the invasion of Europe is completed.

### One War

That is the answer to unthinking people who think the end of the war in Europe will be synonymous with peace

It is all one war—in Europe and in the East. Even now, the conflict in the appalling vastness of the Pacific is no small sideshow.

### Step by Step

Just to occupy the Marshall Islands 250,000 American troops have been engaged. The New Guinea battles have been among the most savage ever recorded. A strip of airworthy coast in the Admiralty Islands has been seized.

The Japanese are beginning to know the shape of things to come.

### Open the Door

In Washington high officials of Britain and the U.S.A. are opening "preliminary discussions" on oil supplies. Let us hope that they will also open the door to all interested nations

For oil concerns every civilised country. And if we are to remove the economic causes of war we should not delay building a hub of international agreement and understanding round which a better world could revolve.

### Air Liners

Thus, too, with air transport. We read that Britain is to have eight-engined air liners for peace traffic. We can be proud of British skill and ingenuity.

Yet we must also be aware that, to make those giant craft into agents of good will, they must operate under international control.

### Service Pay

There are home problems, too. Service pay is just one

Nobody wants to encourage inflation. But six economists point out in a letter to the *Times* that £200,000,000—the cost of bringing Service pay to industrial levels—would result in a rise in private spending of only 4 per cent.

That wouldn't cause inflation.

### Fair Play

As Mr. Muff, M.P., has argued, at least the Serviceman should not have to make any allotment from his pay to his family. After all, as the State conscripted him the State should assume responsibility for his family.

Moreover, children's allowances are abominably inadequate.

### No Eviction

Then there's housing. A man has to give up an £8-a-week job and enter the workhouse so that his family can find shelter. A judge has to make a possession order against a bombed-out family.

So these shocking cases continue. JOHN BULL repeats that no decent citizen should be evicted until officialdom has provided alternative accommodation!

*(Continued overleaf)*


*"WE MUST EXPECT RETALIATION BY THE ENEMY TO INCREASE"*

*—The Prime Minister in the House of Commons, 22.2.44.*

**JOHN BULL offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire Guards, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Civil Defence Workers, etc., an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against AIR RAIDS, GAS ATTACKS, INVASION AND BOMBARDMENT, as well as COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.**

*Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

# STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

JOHN BULL has always criticised the Fire Guard scheme as dangerously inadequate. Officialdom, having at last realised the fact, is now supplementing the Guards by a new N.F.S. system.

Thus do our authorities eventually see sense. But the process should be hastened !

## From the Army—

It's getting increasingly aggravating that this greatest of all wars for freedom should be settling down into little Fascist ruts.

Little would-be Hitlers are to blame.

Take a definite case—the case of Mr. A. W. O'Brien, who lives in Asteys Row, London, N.1. He's aged 31, was discharged from the Army (exemplary conduct) on the last day of last year after four and a half years' service. He has a wife and five children under ten.

## —To the Railway

While O'Brien was in the Army his wife was drawing an allowance of £4 7s. 6d. a week for herself and the five children.

Now, through the Labour Exchange, Mr. O'Brien is "directed" to take a job as a goods porter on the L.N.E.R. at a wage of £3 10s. 6d. a week.

## Prison Threat

**He refuses, arguing that after he's paid his rent of 15s. a week, insurance, and fares, his family cannot live on the money. Not unnaturally he compares the wage he's offered with what his family were getting when he was in the Army.**

**But, O'Brien, having failed to comply with the Ministry of Labour direction, is liable to three months in prison or a £100 fine.**

## Thrown Out

There have been other similar cases, and at times men who have resented this type of dictatorship too strongly have been thrown out of the Labour Exchanges by the police. "Forcibly removed" is the official phrase.

It's all wrong. True, there is a right of appeal against the Ministry of Labour direction. But appeals take time, and when there's no money coming into the house a father often treats the rules with less respect than do the civil servants.

## At the Pits

More acts of minor dictatorship occur every day in the mining industry. We're not supporting the coal workers for the way they behaved last week. But it's a fact that they have lost a good deal of public sympathy, because the ordinary person never realised how unfairly the Porter wage increases could work.

## Under Control

We won't go into that now—it's a big subject, and in any case, the authorities have been thrashing it out. But, instead, here are examples of little things that can happen to pit workers in these days of rigid control.

In the Derbyshire area there was mention of double time to be paid between noon on Saturday and the start of the Sunday night shift.

## Working for Nothing

**Immediately another move was suggested from the employers' side. Why not cancel Saturday night shifts and work on Sunday nights instead?**

**In the same district electricians who have for years been paid overtime for working at the pits after midday on Saturday must now carry on until 2.15 p.m. without getting a penny extra.**

## That Little Extra

One collier summed it all up. "If they pay us this new minimum wage," he said, "we shall finish up with 1s. 5d. a shift less."

And talking of colliery electricians, why, with man-power as it is, does a reader write to tell us that he's lost his job (after fifteen years) because he refused to shovel snow from railway lines?

## Out of Packet

Another grievance—of workers in general—is the autocratic way in which managements are now making deductions from their pay packets.

A Scots girl, who's employed at a Glasgow factory, gets 55s. for a 47-hour week. She could earn very much more if the National Service Officer would let her change her job.

## Not Very Entertaining

But she does not complain about that. She knows there are plenty of others in the same boat.

What she did complain about the other week was that 5s. 9d. was taken from her pay packet to meet all sorts of subscriptions—including contributions to the works comforts fund and the works "entertainment" fund.

## Local Efforts

She, like everyone else, is anxious to send the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund up and up. But she thinks (and so do we) that there's a limit to the amount she should be asked to pay to purely local "charities."

## News to Some . . .

Nurses' living conditions have been in the news lately, and it's come as a surprise to some people that the girls who have to work all hours of the day and night should have to sleep and spend off-duty spells in unheated rooms.

It isn't news to us. Every week we get letters from nurses that show how difficult their lives can be.

## Cold Comfort—

A Lincolnshire mother was very upset when she sat down to write the other morning. She'd had a letter from her daughter who's a nurse in Sheffield. This girl, with a friend, had bought a small electric fire to try to warm their bedroom.

The Sister had been round, and confiscated the fire. The daughter had not seen it since. The hospital may well have a local rule preventing its nurses from seeking the comfort of an electric fire. There are plenty of strange rules these days

## —And Hot Work

*A man on the outskirts of London was determined not to be cold the other day. He was a local council employee working near some bomb-damaged houses.*

*He'd fixed himself a glorious bonfire and was happily stacking it with wood from the houses, the sort of wood that poor people would be glad to collect and use to eke out their domestic fuel supplies.*

## On Scale II

The recent notes on this page about wages paid to uncertificated teachers have attracted attention in what are called "high quarters." Not that the facts were not well enough known—among the victims.

But perhaps it's as well to make it clear that the low rates of pay which we quoted are by no means the lowest. County Durham (to which we referred) is a Scale III area. This is the sort of thing that happens to a woman with thirty years' teaching experience in a Scale II area—Hampshire. . . .

## Full Day

She has fifty children on her roll and from 9 a.m. to midday she's teaching. During the ten-minute break she marks as many exercises as possible. At 10.30 she serves milk. Between 12 noon and 1 p.m. she serves dinner to thirty children, has her own meal and (if she's lucky) gets a ten-minute break before afternoon school. This lasts until 3.30. After that there are more books to be marked.

**And, at the end of each month, a cheque comes in for £13 13s. 3d.**

## Born to Shabbiness

From wages to housing and the same old official apathy. . . .

In Birmingham they are talking of having a magnificent new Civic centre after the war which will be the envy of the whole country.

In a back street in Birmingham, a husband and wife are at this moment living in a shabby room in a house that is falling apart. It costs them 14s. a week. Soon a baby is coming, but they can get nowhere else to live.

## Keen Prices

In another Birmingham street, traders are selling razor blades for 5s. a dozen. Before the war the type cost 4d. a dozen.

A bus driver who complains about this arrogant profiteering, says that he can't afford to buy blades at this price. If he can be reported to his employers he turns up for work unshaven.

## BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Recent R.A.F. raids on French rail communications—and lack of fighter opposition—have shown the enemy will be definitely short of aircraft to fight our invasion.**
- *Nazis are compelled to put their faith in excellent coast defences and proved ability of German soldier to fight without air protection.*
- Meanwhile, Americans have still not reached peak of their air offensive. They have a great surplus of air crews and machines—released for Britain because Japs have not joined full battle in the air.
- **Tojo has issued another warning that a decisive phase has been reached in Japan's struggle. He should know !**
- *Several German surface vessels and U-boats are stranded in Japan. Attempts to return to Europe have failed, and Nazi Press now shows captains and crews "settling down" in the Far East.*
- New technique for disseminating Allied propaganda among German troops in Italy is highly successful. Most captured Germans are found in possession of Allied leaflets.
- **Russia is still bitterly dissatisfied about Spain's bogus neutrality. Moscow's latest estimate is that at least 50,000 Spanish soldiers, a fifth of the total armed strength of Spain, have been fighting on the eastern front.**

### SILENT SERVICE

**The first operational squadron equipped with a new naval aircraft was recently grounded because they had no spares. Even training was held up. But the Admiralty had equipped the carrier on which the squadron was planned to embark with a 90 per cent. range of spares. The carrier was busy cursing and carrying these unwanted spares round the Mediterranean.**

* * *

**Every day quantities of naval stores are sent by road convoy from a centre in the Midlands to Scotland. In Scotland they are unpacked, checked and repacked. Then they go on to where they are wanted. Why not direct despatch? Because they might make a mistake in the Midlands. Very often the mistake is made in Scotland instead.**

**ALL AT SEA**

## After Their Teeth

**Another racket that's about as unpleasant as any we've come across lately has been reported from Clydeside. Within two days of announcing the deaths of their husbands women in the Knightswood district have been getting letters asking if they had any false teeth they wished to sell.**

**The letters have made out that there was an urgent need for false teeth for the Forces.**

## Not Generous

**This sounds an ingenious way of excusing business methods that will recommend themselves to most people. The prices paid are not generous. A Glasgow man had a call the day after his wife was buried, and he was offered 2s. 6d. for dentures that cost £15.**

## An Answer—

**The other week we mentioned an article in the magazine *Men Only*, which commented on a complaint by Sergeant Vaughan-Williams, who is in the Mediterranean area.**

**The sergeant considered the article a humorous one—was bad because it suggested light-heartedly that women whose husbands were abroad might be tea-time hostesses to troops on manœuvres over here.**

## —For the Sergeant

**Sergeant Vaughan-Williams was quite —so angry that he wanted to punch the nose of the man who wrote the article.**

**But we don't think he'll be angry when he hears that the author, Mr. P. L. Rudland, has written to tell us he is sorry the light words of his article were taken so deeply to heart.**

## The Fight's Off

**We've no intention of becoming prize promoters on this page, but it seems impossible not to quote Mr. Rudland's charming last sentence. . . .**

**"If the sergeant still wishes to fight P. L. Rudland's nose he will find me after I have been demobilised. My address which heads this letter. I rather fancy that the joke will be on the sergeant."**

**Well, that's that. We fancy that the two men in uniform met there will be an exchange of beers not blows.**

# WORLD NEED No. 1

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

BEFORE the war we were regarded as a prosperous people.

Actually, we were nothing of the kind. Half our population could not afford ough food to keep healthy!

Sir John Boyd Orr, the nutrition expert, horrified all by this staggering, scientific disclosure of our tional poverty. He has since declared that, given ough of the right kinds of food, five years could be ded to the life of the English and ten years to that the Scots.

And Mr. Churchill has summed up his post-war mestic policy in one phrase: "Food, work and homes all."

**This threefold aim is common to all Parties and ll intelligent people. Obviously, too, food should come first. It is World Need No. 1.**

Last week, the Commons discussed the vast prob- n of nutrition. But the debate did not satisfy us at the Government is yet ve to its fearful urgency.

JOHN BULL supports the bour Party's demand that od be given absolute priority post-war planning.

It has been given priority our own country during the r. That is why we are the best fed of the belligerent tions in the Old World.

*It is an outstanding fact in the general food situation that we have saved ourselves from starvation chiefly by our own efforts.*

Before September, 1939, we were producing only per cent. of the food we ate. To-day we are pro- ing over 75 per cent., our output per worker having n stepped up by 60 per cent.

Note that this has been done in the thick of a rld conflict, when man-power and machinery, fodder fertilisers, have been in short supply.

The consensus of expert opinion is that the world ample resources to provide a wholesome diet for mankind.

**But these resources have never been adequately eveloped. Food has never been fairly or economi- ally distributed among the peoples of the earth.**

**Not even among our own!**

Until Hitler jolted us out of a deadening sleep in 9 we had grown used to having millions of idle acres well as millions of idle men.

British agriculture was in a shocking condition. was dying of a wasting disease.

There were four main and many contributory ses of its decline. The main ones, correctly diag- ed by the Labour Party, were:—

(1) The lack of any national plan to link produc- with stable prices, fair to producer and consumer e.

(2) The State's failure to ensure that enough money spent—and was made available—to keep the land good heart."

(3) Absence of public control to ensure the best of the land. And (*most important of all*)—

(4) Total lack of any international plan for duction and distribution in relation to world needs.

With the outbreak of war the Government was ed to adopt many measures which its chief critics been advocating for years.

First, the Ministry of Agriculture took powers to trol and direct the use of land. Then it established County Executive Committees to see that its direc- s were carried out.

Farmers were supplied with the required machinery their great task. Bad farmers and those who ly wouldn't try had sometimes to be turned off land they were wasting.

The Ministry of Food worked out the needs of the ional larder—so much grain, so many tons of atoes, so many vegetables, and so much dairy duce.

Rationing was introduced and prices of essential stuffs fixed for grower and consumer alike.

And the country agreed to large-scale control of e produce and of imports.

There has been grumbling. Mistakes have been made and, perhaps, some restrictions have been ill-advised or superfluous.

But results speak for themselves. We are growing more than we have ever grown before, and, broadly speaking, more of the right kind of food to keep us healthy.

Without qualification or reserve, JOHN BULL shares Labour's conviction that this sort of State control *must* continue after the war is over.

*Agriculture will have to go on working to a national plan. Farmers should be guaranteed a fair return for their enterprise, but the State should buy and distribute basic food at prices which will make a healthy diet available to all.*

And a more democratic version of the War Committees should continue to supervise the proper execution of the national plan.

Good husbandry will be essential to us if we want a good standard of living; those who farm the land will have to justify the nation's trust in them.

Whether a sufficient control can be exercised without State ownership of all agricultural land is a matter of opinion.

But if it cannot, we must not boggle at nationalisation.

Even when output, prices and distribution have all been organised in the best interests of the public, it is likely that some people will still have to be persuaded to buy food in the proper proportions to keep themselves and their families in first-class health.

Lord Woolton's suggestion to set up professorships of nutrition at the Universities might contribute to the dietary education of the public.

But instruction in common-sense nutrition may have to be more direct. It might follow the lines of the war time "Food Facts" campaign, which has helped a great many people to buy their food wisely and to get "value for money" in the best sense of value.

JOHN BULL stresses the importance of food values because there are some critics who deride a scientific approach to the food problem.

Whatever these supercilious and usually reactionary critics may say, a people's well-being does not depend solely upon the quantity of its food supplies but upon their quality and suitability.

We know it is easy enough to lead a horse to the water and not so easy to persuade it to drink, but a wise Government *can* persuade the majority of citizens to choose the best instead of the second-best.

**So much for the solution of our own domestic problem.**

**But no single nation can either balance its own diet or secure sufficiency for its neighbours without world co-operation.**

It is useless and hopeless for us to aim at a high standard of living in these islands unless we mean to see that there is adequate food for all the outside world.

The standard of living will have to be raised in every "backward" country—friendly, neutral and even enemy—if the civilised world intends to establish a durable world peace.

Given good will and international control, there are countless millions of acres elsewhere which could be made productive.

We must all face the facts that the decisions taken at Hot Springs are the bedrock upon which we must build; that no nation can live in "splendid" or even ignominious isolation; and that world plenty can be assured only by a world plan.

Our Government has said it is ready to support the Hot Springs theory of world control for world requirements.

But the supreme "food fact" of to-day is that this theory should be put into immediate practice.

Britain would do well to set the lead by ratifying the agreed decisions—and by speeding up her plans to feed the famished earth after the last shots have been fired, and the hungry millions of Europe look to the United Nations for a square meal at last.

# Dark Horse of The Balkans

A SLICK, cunning, middle-aged Austrian Nazi is scurrying back and forth in the Balkans. He travels between Budapest, Belgrade and Bucharest, makes sudden air trips to Sofia and rushes to Germany in the meantime to report to Hitler.

He is Dr. Hermann Neubacher, one of the most dangerous Nazi agents, the "dark horse of the Balkans."

I have known Neubacher for almost twenty years and watched his methods.

His speciality is economic infiltration; he is the man who organised the Nazi stranglehold on the Balkans even before the military campaign.

★ ★ ★

Blackmail and bribes are his chief weapons. He threatens to use force when more subtle methods fail.

Endowed with greater power than most German generals, Neubacher has often induced Hitler to send some of his best divisions to reinforce his claims and arguments.

This is what Neubacher did:

As an Austrian he was received with open arms in the Balkans. But he used the confidence which greeted him to acquire large financial interests, promising those who dealt with him German contracts.

He never paid, and perpetrated a gigantic confidence trick on his Balkan business partners.

In the end they found that Germany owed them large sums of money and had not delivered the materials for which they had paid in advance. Their only hope of getting their money and their goods was to work for Hitler.

When Nazi influence had conquered the Balkans, Neubacher promised to reward the men whom he had forced to work for Hitler. But their rewards were deposited in Berlin.

Their factories were now dependent on raw materials from Germany. They had to accept German managers and foremen.

Many of these men with friends in the Balkan Governments realise how they have been cheated. They want to break away from the Axis. They are responsible for the current rumours about peace negotiations.

★ ★ ★

But, once more, Neubacher appears on the scene.

Brazenly he produces new promises; a dramatic change in German policy. His schemes include a Balkan Federation in which Central and South-East European statesmen and business men will be masters of their own destiny.

At the same time his presence in Balkan capitals has been followed by the arrival of new troops, of large Gestapo units and S.S. Black Guard detachments.

Neubacher will take no chances. Bribes and blackmail have remained his stock in trade. Again he appears as a "friend" of the Balkan people.

But there is a deeper, personal motive behind Neubacher's new campaign.

When I first met him in Vienna he was on the edge of financial ruin, pursued by creditors, desperate and almost bankrupt.

As Hitler's agent in the Balkans he has acquired a huge fortune, with property in every country of South-Eastern Europe. This is what he is trying to protect, and why he works so diligently for Hitler.

The Balkans will not be deceived again just to help Neubacher save his skin and his bank account.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

# OPEN LETTERS

## Marshal GRIGORI ZHUKOV,

### Deputy People's Commissar for U.S.S.R. Defence

DEAR MARSHAL,—No one looking at you forty-six years ago, a puling baby in a peasant's cottage, could have foreseen in you a man destined to play an almost superhuman rôle in a struggle for the survival of civilisation.

To the Red Army, smashing and rolling back the German armies on the Eastern Front, you are "Iron Gates" or the "Machine General."

When Hitler, in October, 1941, declared "Moscow will fall," you, in turn, assembled your staff. "We take this oath," you said, "Moscow will not fall."

For days on end you slept only two hours out of twenty-four. You halted the blitzkrieg. You saved Moscow.

After the Germans burst through the Rostov defences in the autumn of 1942, you took charge of the Stalingrad defences Here again you smashed the enemy, trapped Paulus and his Sixth Army, and paved the way for a Russian advance which has continued for nearly fifteen months.

**By your will and your endeavour the siege of Leningrad was lifted. And now in the Western Ukraine you have staged what may prove to be the most eventful breakthrough of the whole Russian war.**

As a general you are hard and ruthless. You drive yourself as hard as you drive those mighty steel-clad armies of yours as they move in terrible grandeur towards their assured and final victory.

You hate red-tape. You have a horror of publicity.

In your icy calm, in the undeviating nature of your grand strategy, lies the hope of Europe and the world.

**As the Hammer of the Nazis, your place in history is already assured.**—JOHN BULL.

*Like a Jack-in-a-box, Zhukov bobs up where the enemy least expects him*

## Mr. EDWARD R. STETTINIUS,

### U.S. Under-Secretary for State

DEAR SIR,—Your visit to Britain at this stage of the war has significance not only for ourselves but for our enemies.

Goebbels and his slick-mouthed gang have talked hard and long in efforts to destroy Allied unity. They have failed in their aim.

Yet they might have enjoyed some measure of success but for men like you.

Despite the complicated and onerous nature of your work you have found time to dispel in the United States many wrong conceptions of Allied action, especially so far as Lease-Lend is concerned.

**Your grasp of war aims and strategy is lucid and comprehensive, appreciated, long before millions Americans did, the fact that a gun made in U.S.A., manned by Russians, British, Chinese or Indians, was a gun firing in defence of America.**

It was not easy to overcome the narrow vision of many of your fellow-countrymen.

They just could not conjure up a picture of global war. Thanks to you and others like you, they are beginning to realise that this is not Britain's war or Russia's war or America's war, but a struggle affecting the hearth and home of every family that believes in justice and decency.

We in this country know the might of America. We see the aerial armadas from Detroit and Chicago and Los Angeles darkening the Channel skies. We see our countryside transformed into a vast armed American camp.

We see all around us the mounting evidence of an industrial power which staggers our senses.

And, finally, we see in your coming to Britain and in your talks with Allied statesmen and diplomats in London omen of things to come.

May I describe you as a herald of victory?—JOHN BULL.

## Rev. GEORGE NEEDHAM,

### Vicar of Conisborough, Yorkshire

DEAR SIR,—Confession, so the Church has taught us, is good for the soul. Usually confessions are made to the Church. Now you, in a Sunday sermon, make a confession—that "in the past the Church has made mistakes. We have said 'No divorce,' instead of making our policy 'Happier marriages.'"

**Many good churchmen will disagree with you; will argue that the sanctity of the marriage vows is greater than the unending quest of human beings for domestic happiness.**

Your argument that the Church, by teaching young people all that is worth knowing about marriage, would reduce the number of divorces, is also open to criticism. For the ways of youth are still, and will still be, the hard, untrodden ways.

Yet, all controversy apart, I must thank you for bringing to bear on this unhappy problem an enlightenment rare in laymen, but rarer still in men of God. —JOHN BULL.

## Mr. CRAVEN GRIFFITHS,

### North Midlands Price Committee

DEAR SIR,—Lodging-house robbers in Nottingham are fleecing Servicemen, especially Americans and Canadians, to a degree that sickens me. Some of these common swindlers are charging £1 a night for a camp bed in a room holding thirty or forty men.

These racketeers are within the Law. There is no control—at present. But there is one weapon you have not yet utilised—publicity.

Let Nottingham and Britain know the names of these vicious people who exploit the men seeking beds.

Put up warning notices at the railway stations. Fight the robbers tooth and nail. Give a lead to the men and women who prefer decency to blood-sucking.

**Maybe the Law is not on your side. But if you take a strong publicity line every man and woman who appreciates the soldier will be ranged alongside you. So will I.**—JOHN BULL.

## Major GUY LLOYD, M.P.,

### Conservative, East Renfrewshire

DEAR MAJOR,—Once, before disillusion came my way, I thought that Members of Parliament were knowledgeable people, more in touch with the life of the nation than the voters who had sent them to Westminster.

I used to think, too, that M.P.s were wary birds, seeking always to avoid expressions of opinion which might brand them as impetuous or ill-informed.

Perhaps you will be vexed with me when I brand a recent speech of yours at Glasgow as not only ill-informed but patently stupid. To declare that "the great majority of people are definitely not interested in politics at the present time" is to invite criticism.

Recent by-elections prove you wrong. Talk in 'buses, in trains, in queues, in Army camps, in munitions works, proves you wrong. Attendances at political meetings prove you wrong. (People clamoured in vain to get into a Vernon Bartlett meeting the other day.) Interest in the Beveridge, Scott, Uthwatt and other Reports proves you wrong.

**Indeed, my dear Major, you and your Party may learn to your cost after the war just how politically minded the nation is growing. And the political inclination is not towards the Carlton Club, either.**—JOHN BULL.

# *This is a Challenge to Mankind*

### ARGUE IT OUT

★

### By PALLAS

I AM taken to task by a Chesterfield reader for referring to Love of God as one of the fundamental qualities which must help man in his quest for a better world and a better life.

Most letters from readers are colourless praise or short-sighted abuse, but the evident sincerity of my Chesterfield critic so impressed me that I decided to argue further with him the points he raises.

"Personally," writes "C. H. G." in his letter, "I believe that unless mankind completely alters his outlook and methods, he is already preparing himself for a conflict even bloodier than this present one; a war not nationalistic, but one of utterly antagonistic ideals.

★ ★ ★

"Most certainly love (and wisdom) are the essential keys to life; but love of God is a question. No one can as much as prove that any creative force such as God exists. To have mere faith is surely dangerous. Rather should our faith be in ourselves.

"The enlightened man of to-day thinks well of himself. That is to be expected when he realises, as compared to a bishop or a contemporary statesman, he is one of a minority fighting a pestilence among a bunch of dangerously superstitious savages.

★ ★ ★

"In such cases even tolerance and civility will become a grave weakness and a crime to mankind. Yes! Religion as we know it, together with blind faith in the future, must go into the limbo of the past, discarded and disreputable."

The accusation that my outlook is false leaves me unimpressed

I have never tolerated for a second the idea that blind faith in the future is the guiding force of mankind. History being made to-day suggests that the days of blind faith in anything affecting man's destiny are numbered.

Enlightened men and women are growing in number. They realise now the price the world must pay for apathy and blind faith—whether such faith is in untried leadership, in political guidance, or in the natural inclination of man to progress.

Faith in oneself is good. Yet it is not enough. Nor is religion, as we have known it. Religion allied to temporal power, religion based on wealth and pomp, religion class-conscious and class-inspired, is a drag on the suffering maltreated masses.

I agree with "C. H. G." that such religion is anti-social. Its record is a blot on the pages of national endeavour. But yet, faith in man is not enough.

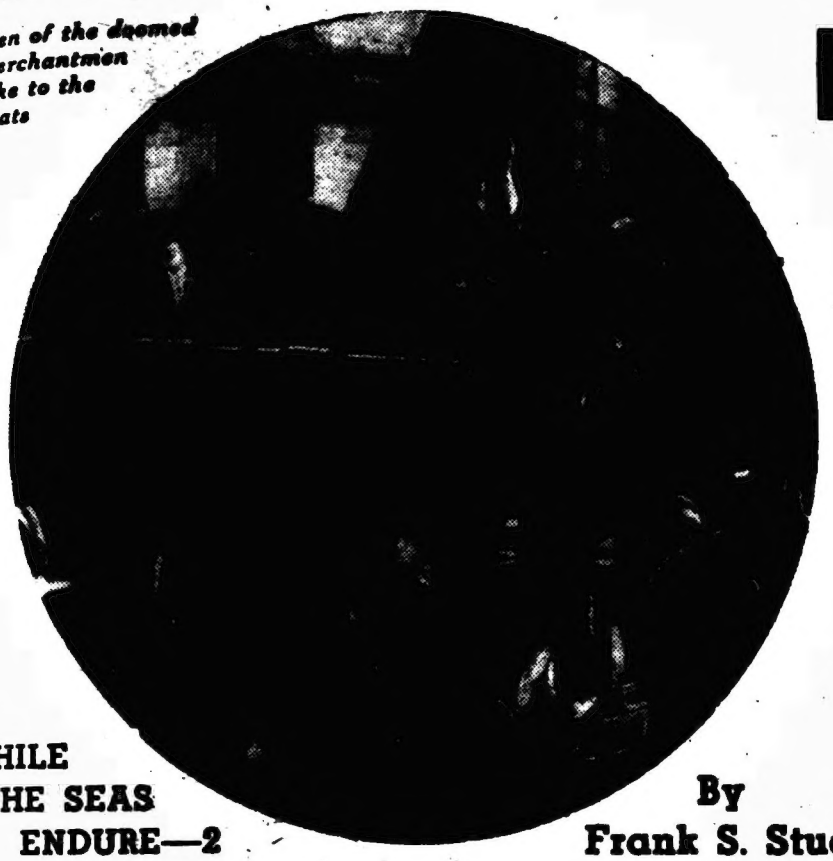
If no one can prove the existence of a creative force, equally no one can disprove it. The most intelligent and thinking of men feel rather than know the existence of a Power beyond the world of Man. It is that Power which draws Man nearer, ever nearer, to the fulfilment of his destiny.

★ ★ ★

Faith has inspired man to immortal and selfless works. It has guided him along paths of martrydom and sacrifice.

It has lifted him above the mundane, brought him to new endeavour and new courage.

A world without Faith in the Ex... pinning its faith solely on the ability of Man to achieve his own salvation, would be lacking the greatest driving force of all, the force of the Spirit.



*Men of the doomed Merchantmen take to the boats*

# His Signal Was "Dot-Dot-Dot···Dash"!

WHILE THE SEAS ENDURE—2

By Frank S. Stuart

CAPTAIN WILLIAM FOLSTER was known among seamen up and down the world as "Old Never-Give-In."

He had a hard life, won his promotion to Merchant Skipper in the tough years when every other officer you met had a master's ticket in his pocket and subsequently won a reputation as a fine seaman and martinet.

His nickname came from his one bit of advice: "The only way to get on is never to give in. Man is tougher than anything he comes up against in life. If you can only hold on, you win."

Many times Folster had occasion to put his advice into practice. But there came a morning, several hundred miles from shore, with a wild breeze snoring over the whitecaps and the big ship sturdily plunging through them, when two U-boats looked like disproving his words.

They carried 4-in. guns, half a dozen torpedoes apiece, and packed crews of trained fighting men.

Against them was a solitary merchantman with a little popgun, a few sandbags, and some hasty concrete defences, forty peaceful merchant seamen, and Old Never-Give-In.

The U-boats had the advantage of surprise; they got in a couple of volleys before a shot could be fired at them.

They would not waste a torpedo to finish off the kill, but stood off to beat up the sinking merchantman like a couple of thugs clubbing the life out of an elderly citizen in a solitary street.

One of the first shells smacked into the bridge where Folster was standing. Sandbags flew mast-high, the armoured pillbox supposed to shield him was kicked into the scuppers in two pieces, the spotless deck that had been his pride was ripped into jagged fragments, and smoking tongues of fire leapt from the ruin.

## Dying of Wounds

When the smoke cleared, Folster was seen lying on the remnants of the bridge, with a black pool of blood gathering round him. One arm and one leg had been severed, and a terrible wound gaped in his abdomen; but his white face still blazed with the undaunted inspiration of command.

The ship's siren was shrieking intermittently, that dread call of the war time seas that means a mortal hit.

To the men who raced up to help him the skipper sharply ordered: "Get the boats away. She won't live many minutes. Look alive, there. No; leave me alone. Leave me alone, I say; I'm still Master here!"

Another shell landed aboard, and another, and another. The U-boats were firing out of pure deviltry, for the ship had settled low in the leaping blue water, and at any second she would take her last plunge.

The last boat was ready to pull away; the ship slumped so low that waves were breaking across her stern, and to stay aboard now was suicide. Yet the men lay on their oars, while Apprentice Ian Clark bent over the broken body of Old Never-Give-In as he lay on his slanting and shattered bridge.

"Don't waste your time on me, boy!" he whispered, as another shell whistled, thudded home below them, and roared in smoke and steam and débris. "I shall stay here."

"But let me bandage you . . ." Clark muttered, realising that those severed limbs could not be bandaged. "Well, let me carry you to the boat, sir; they're waiting for you, sir. . . ."

"You can do no good here. And I will not take up useful space in the boat. You'll need it before you get to land. But—I want you to take a message. For my mother."

## Great Explosion

The fire roared along the bridge. Great puffs of scorching smoke blew about them. The ship lurched suddenly as if she would go down by the stern, shuddered in all her length, and paused with the after-deck under. Clark held on as best he could, for the deck was slanting sharply.

"Oh—before you go—just move me along—so that I can reach—that siren-lever."

Clark, blackened by smoke, muttering over to himself the Skipper's message to the old lady he would never see again, very gently raised the broken body and placed it close to the lever.

"Right!" Folster said, in a stronger voice. "Fine! Now get that boat away as lively as you can. And—thanks!"

Clark slid down the deck and along a rope into the boat. The roaring of the fire ascending from the bowels of the doomed vessel prevented the rowers from hearing one another.

A man muttered something inaudible towards the two low grey shapes that lurked like sea-wolves watching a kill. They had stopped firing now.

The boats were pulling away. The noise of the fire lessened. The ship, almost hidden by her own funeral plume of smoke, was seen in glimpses, half-submerged.

Suddenly her siren sounded.

*DOT-DOT-DOT . . . DASH!*

"What's that?" one of the rowers gasped.

The sound, coming from that abandoned and sinking pyre, had the terrifying quality of a voice from a corpse already being cremated.

"It's the Skipper," Clark muttered. "That's the V-sign. . . ."

He set his teeth in his lip till it bled. One of the hardcase seamen in the boat rubbed a clenched fist across his eyes.

Aboard one of the U-boats a little knot of figures lounging round the gun leapt into nervous action. The men in the boats saw them feverishly moving—heard the dull thud of the gun being fired—the shrieking whine of the shell—saw it strike the doomed ship amidships and blow a spout of red-edged smoke sky-high, obliterating the vessel completely.

And then. . . .

*DOT-DOT-DOT. . . .*

There was an enormous explosion, with vast lumps of black floating and sailing all about the sky, and a dirty mass of smoke spreading and spreading. When it cleared, above a boiling cauldron of streaked and littered water, the ship had gone.

## The Pirates' Flag

The rowers pulled steadily on, their oars creaking. On the U-boat that had fired, a black patch of bunting ran up, shivered, and hung limp. The clean winds of the sea would not lift it, and it drooped there, ashamed.

The two warships, their dark business done, began to turn smoothly away looking for another ship to smash.

"*The only way to get on is never to give in. Man is tougher than anything he comes up against in life. If you can only hold on, you win.*"

A seaman was entering the Port of Heaven with his head held high.

---

# *Captured German Planes Give Away Secrets*

THE Germans, trying to counteract the mighty raids of Bomber Command, have been forced to use types of 'planes which they hoped to keep in reserve for the moment when we strike in the West.

Some of these machines have been brought down, almost in one piece. At once a guard is placed around them until experts from the R.A.F. arrive on the scene.

★ ★ ★

The 'planes are carefully examined, then placed aboard a giant lorry and taken away to an experimental station.

Here, piece by piece, the 'planes are made "airworthy." Then a test pilot wings his way over the quiet English countryside.

He notes down everything possible about the 'planes' reactions, and when he again lands on the tarmac he has a complete report of the machine to hand over to the experts awaiting him.

These men—who are scientists in the full sense of the word—then examine the machine once more.

They can tell what metals are in short supply in Germany, and they secure information that will enable our bombers to strike at specific targets.

To try to prevent our experts from securing these "secret 'planes" the Germans have fixed special charges which pilots can fire if they are in difficulties, over British territory.

Exceptional skill on the part of a British pilot prevented a Nazi from doing this when we cornered the first F.W. 190 taken intact over this country.

Perhaps the best "present" we ever had was when a German light bomber came down one foggy night on a British airfield.

An aircraftman, seeing a 'plane making a landing, jumped aboard his bike and cycled towards the machine. As he neared it he nearly fell from the saddle with surprise when he saw the Nazi markings.

Shouting for help, he rushed forward—and took the Germans prisoners. They were out of petrol—and thought they had landed on a French airfield.

Their language was far from printable when they realised their mistake!

★ ★ ★

As for the machine they had handed to us "on a plate," it afforded us with information we had wanted to secure for several months.

It is not generally known that every British bomber that returns from a raid upon Hitler's bomb-scarred Reich carries clues to enemy secrets that are immediately studied by scientists and research experts.

Under their eagle eyes shattered girders, or shell-pocked fuselages, sometimes reveal changing tactics on the part of German fighters, variations in enemy anti-aircraft defences—and even the vulnerability of our own aircraft to certain forms of attack.

The job of examining damaged aircraft falls to squadron officers and certain civilian members of the Operational Research Section of Bomber Command

★ ★ ★

These men are always on call whenever a machine returns from a heavy attack suffering from puzzling or unusually heavy damage.

After they have carefully examined a seriously damaged bomber, a thorough picture is developed on charts. The angle of the attack; distance from which it commenced; and the tactics on the part of the *Luftwaffe* pilot.

By a careful study of every point these experts can say whether or not the *Luftwaffe* are using new methods and weapons. If this is the case, others go to work at once to produce "antidotes."

Quietly, saying very little, but working very hard, these "Back-Room Boys of the R.A.F." go about their work of probing the enemy's secrets.

The results of their labours, linked with the photographs brought back by our speedy flying cameramen, enable the Air Council to discover just how successful our bomber offensive really is.

COLIN WELLS

# Can We Finish It This Year?

## By A. G. GARDINER

SPRING is here, and the next six months will see the greatest clash of arms in human history. Will it ring down the curtain on the war in the West? Time alone will show; but the probabilities are worth considering, for the answer depends on more things than the weight of arms.

If that consideration alone counted the answer should be decisive. For more than a year the balance of military power has been changing in our favour. It is now overwhelmingly so, and every day increases our advantage.

Take the air alone. We are now so completely master of the skies that the *Luftwaffe* is at its wits' end to put up a fight on any external front.

All its available resources are massed for the defence of the German cities, and massed in vain. Night after night and day after day, those cities go up in flames.

And the *Luftwaffe* can make no effective reply. It is being driven from the skies, and meanwhile the Allied production of planes is more than four times that of the enemy.

Or turn to the sea. With the failure of the U-boat, Germany has ceased to exist there, except as a target for our warships. She is immeasurably worse off there than she was at any period of the last war. As for her prospect on land, let Russia and the Eighth Army supply the answer.

* * *

Add to all this the plain, indisputable facts of the war. Everywhere Germany is in retreat and on the defensive.

Her resources in man-power and material are declining, while those of the Allies are increasing illimitably. Her power-house is under ceaseless and devastating attack, while the industries of her enemy are working night and day with complete freedom from interruption.

She has lost her only Axis ally in Europe. She has lost the Italian fleet and the Italian Army.

The satellite States that swam into her orbit when her victory seemed sure are now only concerned to escape from her deadly embrace. They will send no more men to her shambles, and the whole burden of the war is falling upon her depleted army.

*As the pressure of the iron ring around her increases, she has to fight more and more alone—in Russia, in the Balkans, in Italy, and to-morrow on the Western front. And as her shrinking man-power is withdrawn to the battlefields, its place is taken in the factories by millions of foreign slaves who hate her and only await the hour when they can turn and rend her.*

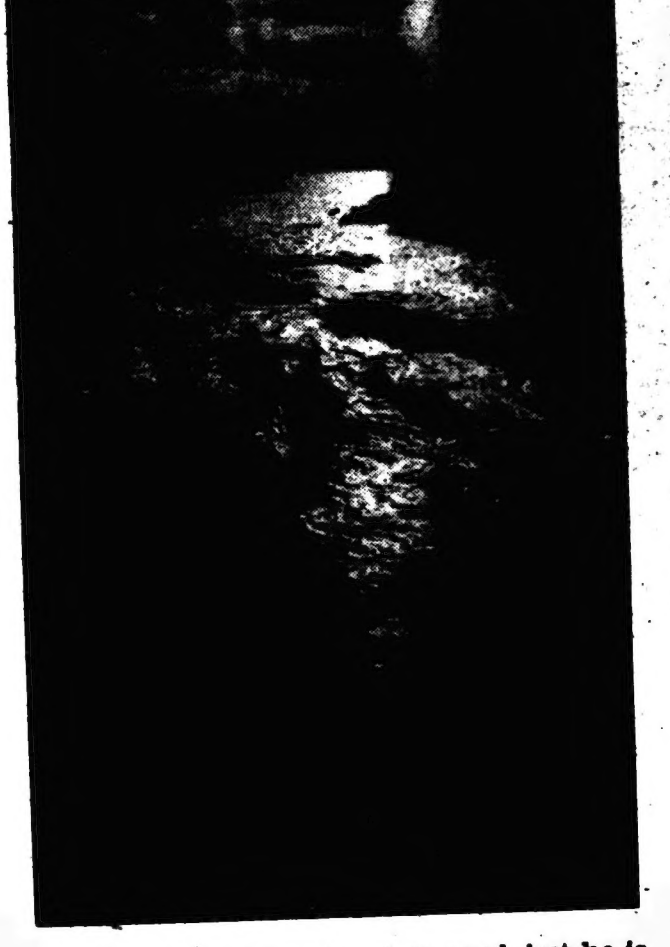
She is swamped by enemies within and enveloped by enemies without. All Europe is a volcano, seething with hidden fires from Norway to Greece, and from France to Poland.

And when the hour of explosion comes it will be Germany which will be the target of the night. And Germany knows it and fears it.

* * *

It must not be assumed from this summary of the main features of the war on the eve of the climax that the end is certain or that it will be swift.

*Invasion from the sea is always a perilous enterprise*



The tiger is caged and doomed, but he is still mighty and is gathering his reserves for a desperate spring that may snatch a decisive victory which will change the current of the war, or at least stave off defeat.

Hitler sees that chance of victory in the West. We shall not underrate the danger. We are on the brink of the greatest adventure in military history. Invasion from the sea is always a perilous enterprise.

But invasion on this scale and in the face of such defences is without parallel. We may be grateful that our High Command was not badgered into making it until it could be made with the maximum of power.

That maximum is attained. We have a mighty Ally with us. We have command of the air. We have command of the sea. The defeat of the U-boat and the blows delivered at the remnant of the German Navy have released the vast mercantile marine necessary to accomplish the invasion and maintain it when it is accomplished.

But the risk is great. The price we shall be called upon to pay will be grievous. That price will be heavy whether we win or whether we fail.

We shall not fail, but we cannot rule out the possibility that we may fall short of full and immediate success.

That would delay the end of the war—perhaps for another year. And it is not only the end, but the speedy end of the war for which the world aches and yearns.

* * *

It is this urgency of a quick decision which I had in mind when I said that victory this year "depends on more things" than the balance of military forces.

It depends on mobilising all the moral forces latent in Europe. While Hitler bestrode Europe as an invincible conqueror those forces lay numbed and helpless under the heel of the Gestapo.

*But they are so no longer. The Great Fear has passed. The Great Hope is born. Europe breathes again. It knows that the hell it has lived through during four ghastly years is doomed and it is eager to take its part in hastening the day of deliverance.*

Now is the moment when all this reserve

# One-Night-in-Eight Gunners

NEARLY dusk in London. . . . The populace has decided that "they might be over to-night."

London isn't afraid. London has never been as nervous as the young Nazi fanatics who attack her.

I stand beside a sentry who stands sentinel on a lane which leads to a rocket gun site.

★ ★ ★

In an hour and twenty minutes the Home Guards, who are to fire that gun are due to arrive.

They are arriving already.

Always it is the same. For every man who is a minute late there are twenty who are an hour early.

An officer tells me about them as they arrive.

"Here's X and Y. I had to lecture them on rocket guns and ask them afterwards if they had any questions.

"And they devastated me with their questions. How was I to know that they made the guns by day and came along at night to fire them?"

Many of the men make munitions by day and fight the Germans by night.

The officer continued: "Here's N. He's a mathematician. I've been told he's a professor.

"He's worked out a method of fire control which may supersede all others. He actually made the apparatus himself.

"And he doesn't mind my instructing him on fire control."

Twenty minutes before they are due to parade they are all there.

*Home Guard, 1944*

Years ago I belonged to a *regular* Horse Artillery Battery. And I never paraded a minute before I need have done.

I kicked myself for every sneer at the Home Guard which I had allowed to go unchallenged.

Now there is roll-call. Every man is there. It isn't always so, I gather. You sometimes get medical certificates instead of men. But they rarely cheat.

Roll-call over, they get their lavish meal of the evening—how the A.T.S. cooks look after them!—and then adjourn to the canteen.

Three or four dance with A.T.S. girls. A score or so bury their noses in the froth of a beer tankard. beer. They don't seek to

And at last they are manning parade. They their guns.

★ ★

As Ack-Ack Home Guard do one night's duty in

I mustn't discuss their mustn't say how they

But to me, as an old full man, it was astonishing in-eight gunners could be

Their practice over the canteen.

More dances. Another of burying the nose in any sort of abuse.

Let no temperance that a single German escaped his just fate demon drink.

And after all this—bed.

Now where you sleep particular gun site depends on how good a

So long as you can time for any action sleep in a comfortable

But should you be one fumble with their trou seconds or so—and revell

# Year?

power should be stimulated and thrown to the scales.

It is the moment for a great note of moral adership to be sounded by the united voices London, Moscow and Washington.

Let the lying propaganda of Goebbels, now llen into ignominy and contempt, be placed by a stirring summons to all the eoples of the Continent to join in the great usade for the destruction of Hitler's atanism and the establishment of a free urope in a free world.

It is the moment, too, to stress the note of nity. There is but one enemy. Let that nemy be faced by a United Europe.

**THIS IS NOT THE TIME TO QUARREL OVER QUESTIONS OF FRONTIERS, OR STOKE THE FIRES OF PARTY STRIFE IN THE DOMESTIC SPHERE, EITHER HERE OR IN AMERICA, IN GREECE OR IN YUGOSLAVIA.**

We want all hands to the pump till the re is out. When it is out and the house is ved, we can settle whether the paper on the alls shall be red, pink or blue.

* * *

Above all, there must be no sabotage at ome. The nation has been shocked reeatedly of late by such incidents as those of a'canny in a Durham mine and the strike in he Welsh coalfields.

What word is there for such action? It is reachery to the brave men who are dying for s and for them. It is treachery to the State. is treachery to democracy.

We are on the eve of the greatest ordeal n our history. The fate of the world may urn on it. The duration of the war will ertainly turn on it.

To succeed all must do their utmost. Let one of us, whatever his part, be found anting.

## Target

me an inferior soldier of that type—you sleep near the gun.

At last a report of approaching aircraft.

And the order rang out "Operations Commence."

About this, I am telling you nothing.

You may have seen rockets surging into the sky. You may have seen them explode at immense heights like a handful of stardust.

You may have seen a German machine brought down by a rocket gun.

But you must be content with your distant picture. I can't oblige Hitler by giving a close-up.

A good breakfast. And then—home.

★ ★ ★

Here's a man's job. There are full-time soldiers who wouldn't qualify for this work.

But, thinking of them gratefully, don't let us forget the Home Guard in the field—who for so long had to be our bulwark against invasion

War may yet bring them great opportunities.

Think of them as men just as anxious to hit—and hit hard—but who, at the moment, are denied their opportunity by the exigencies of war. M. C. F.

# ARMY COURT FOR BROKEN MARRIAGES

**By Maurice Fagence**

I HAVE just sat with the strangest matrimonial court in the world.

It concerns itself with the troubles that arise between British soldiers and their wives.

It has no dock No jury-box. No judge's seat.

It consists, indeed of fair-minded men with a knowledge both of law and of the handling of social problems, who work in the calm atmosphere of an office.

Its main job is to hold the scales of justice fairly between the soldier and his wife when they are in dispute.

### The Common Law

Its secondary aim is to carry out such acts of elementary justice without that dreadful blazoning of publicity which hurts both parties —at the same time short-circuiting those police court proceedings which all too often stamp "finis" on a marriage.

Its job usually begins when a married soldier comes forward and says, obstinately, doggedly, as many thousands do: "I want to stop my wife's allowance."

Now that—believe it or not—represents a tragedy for the British Army.

You might imagine the War Office attitude would be: "Well, if he won't pay, we won't have to—and the State normally pays more than the soldier does."

Oh, no. The Army likes best of all to have a happy contented soldier.

And when that soldier comes forward with his: "I refuse to pay her another penny piece," the Army learns for the first time that it has a man who is far from happy and contented.

Very well, the man refuses to help the State to maintain the woman he has married. What is going to be done about it?

There was a day when an indignant band of wives used to follow an army demanding what they considered their dues.

Wisely, the Army decided that it couldn't tolerate such a thing.

But, after all, the common law of the land gives a woman the right to be maintained by her husband—and the British Army doesn't rise above the common law.

### Outside Interference

And the Army didn't want its good soldiers to be flung into prison.

So Section 145 of the Army Act was passed to enable the Army to pin liability on a man without the man being arrested or the equipment with which he was expected to fight an enemy being seized for debt.

Courts of law decided the obligation of a man to his wife. A man's pay office deducted from his pay whatever had to be deducted. And that was that.

But the years still rolled by. Women had to take their soldier husbands to court—or starve. And soldiers said: "She has taken me to court. Never, never will I speak to her again."

So something had to be done about that.

Well, this week I have seen that something happening.

To-day, in all but very abnormal cases, there is no need for either man or woman to go to court.

The news that a man is refusing his wife an allotment automatically reaches a department known as A.G. (3) E.

And A.G. (3) E. begins to act.

Now it doesn't start off with the foregone conclusion that the blame is usually that of one sex.

It knows all about the married man who meets a single girl, falls in love with her, and stops all allowances to his wife the moment he is sent abroad.

You'd be surprised if you knew how many men do that.

But it also knows all about the woman who marries a soldier for whatever money he can allow her and then, having caught him, refuses to give him a home or acknowledge any obligation.

*The British soldier will find a very human department in the War Office*

Anyhow, A.G. (3) E is faced with the painful fact that Private X refuses to help his wife, and that if he won't the State can't

It sends a welfare officer along to see Private X before the allowance is cut off

Private X rants. He thumps tables. "She doesn't have another brass farthing," he raves.

He invites the British Army to withdraw that wicked woman's paybook forthwith.

Mark you, there is sometimes very good reason for Private X's anger. But not always.

The Army, having had the husband seen, has the wife seen as well. It makes thorough inquiries —discounts all gossip.

The man may want her to starve. But the Army doesn't want her to starve. It has powers to make an interim order in her favour in any case of hardship

Finally, the parties decide to leave the settlement in the hands of A.G. (3) E.

How hard it strives to patch up the troubles between them

There's so much it knows that these warring couples don't know.

It knows that broken marriages are all too often just as much casualties of the battlefield as the man in the Anzio bridgehead who is being taken back on a stretcher.

It knows of so many of these couples that whenever the man can get back to his fireside again his hates will disappear: her misunderstandings as well

It knows all about the people who have tried to profit by their temporary war time parting

The mothers who once opposed the marriage and who, with one of the parties to the contested marriage overseas, resume their dreadful work on the one who is left.

The "friend" who didn't want the couple to marry, and who sees new hope of creating a break.

It is the experience of very wise A.G. (3) E that very few marriages fail without outside interference and that there are very few breaks in a marriage that can't be repaired if it is left to the only two people who matter.

### No Publicity

There was a peculiar case before this "court" when I arrived.

A husband abroad had been approached by the Army with a view to reconciliation. He didn't want to meet his wife again unless she dropped her hostility.

The wife was seen three times. Twice she was completely unbending. And then on the third occasion, she revealed her hand.

"There's one thing I can never forgive," she said. "He came home with another woman's name tattooed on his arm."

But there's such a thing as obliterating one name with another. That fact was well known to the Army welfare officer who went along eagerly to see him.

There's another name on that man's arm to-day. His wife's.

Ah, but often all efforts at making the peace fail

The Army's own court fixes up what the man's obligation is to his wife—without publicity, without the dreadful finality of police court proceedings. And in most cases it helps him to meet it.

It is binding only until the end of the war.

But by then the Army hopes that the quarrel will be ended.

Anyhow, the Army imagines that as long as it can get as many men as possible back home to their wives, the tragedy of these war time separations will be by no means as great as it seems at present.

A.G. (3) E knows we are as much victims of Adolf Hitler in the matter of broken marriages as we are with our broken homes and broken bodies.

It doesn't think war has made man or woman worse, but merely more in need of guidance and help.

And so it wants any woman whose husband has stopped her Army allotment to write to A.G. (3) E, War Office London, S.W.1, with the confidence that she is writing to a friend. And will any man who wants to deprive his wife of help first ask his unit welfare officer for advice?

# Just Like a Woman

HE packed her up at the outbreak of war, and for years after that he never even heard of her. He never even thought of her. He didn't care.

After he joined the Forces life became a hectic affair. Dunkirk, North Africa. There were times when he nearly forgot what the old town looked like. He certainly forgot *her*

Now and again, when there was nothing better to do, he'd find himself remembering, in a hazy sort of way.

But he'd forgotten her looks. And it took him ten minutes' steady thinking one afternoon to bring back the name of the boy who had taken his place. Harold something, wasn't it? No; Percy. Percy something.

A silly-sounding name. Pottle or Wottle or something. Waddle. Percy Waddle. That was it. Percy Waddle. Fool of a name. Fool of a boy.

Oh, well, he supposed Percy Waddle had gone the way they'd all gone—all the dozens of them, including himself.

What a game! How she'd kept them all dangling on a piece of string. What a girl!

Mind, she had a way with her. That's how she'd been able to work the stunt so long. No other girl in the town had quite the same dash. A wide smile and a loud voice and a sort of *queenly* air.

She just swept you along. If you started to argue you found you were doing it on your own.

Boys just followed one another in droves. They were about as important as specks of dust in a shaft of sunlight. She always had a boy. As far back as you could remember, she always had a boy.

That was the odd thing. Though she treated boys worse than most people treated rats, she always had a boy.

If you saw a boy near the pier, looking at his wrist-watch every other minute for about an hour, you could be sure he was Gladys's latest. If you saw another boy, walking up and down near the jetty, wearing his rubber heels out, you could be sure he was Gladys's next latest.

She *did* keep them waiting. It was part of the game. Sometimes she never turned up at all, and that was part of the game.

The funny thing was that they always waited. Gladys *had* a way with her.

She never made any bones about it.

"Do you good to wait," she used to say. "If you don't want to wait, don't wait. Go!"

They waited. At one time and another she seemed to have half the town hanging about. They waited until *she* got fed up, not until they did. One by one she dropped them. There was always another plum on the tree.

"Catch *me* waiting about for a girl like that," he used to say. "*I'd* tell her where she got off."

BUT he didn't. Not when the time came.

And the time came, much to his great surprise. The time came at somebody's twenty-first birthday party. She looked at him. He looked at her. She looked at him again. She smiled.

The time came. . . .

"What about the show on the pier to-morrow night?" he suggested when they parted.

"That would be lovely!" said Gladys.

"Pier entrance at half-past seven, then?"

"Yes, rather!"

And like the fool he was he thought it would be half-past seven at the pier entrance. She'd got him, as she'd had the others. He couldn't even profit by their experience.

She turned up at ten-past eight.

"You're late," he said, getting ready to say his piece.

"If we don't get in we shall miss the show," she smiled, already moving off.

He followed!

He followed the next night. He kept on following. He kept on waiting. Never once did she turn up on time. Half an hour late was nothing. Sometimes it was an hour. And then she arrived as if she was doing him a favour by not being an hour and a half late.

If he hadn't been what some people called "soft" about her he'd have put his foot down in the first place. But "soft" about her he was. He went on waiting.

They'd all been "soft" on her in their turn. That was the trouble. Gladys *was* Gladys. You had to wait.

And then one day on a train he saw the most henpecked man on earth being henpecked. He was fifty or so, and so was his wife. He was worse than a lapdog. It was a terrible sight.

It made you think. It made you think of Gladys in another thirty years. It was an awful warning.

They were to meet near the bathing huts the next evening at a quarter to eight and go to the pictures. He was there to the minute, but not thinking about the pictures. In a way he wasn't thinking about Gladys.

He was thinking about the henpecked little man on the train.

"This has got to be settled *now*," he told himself.

There was a sign on the blue door of a tea shop. "Fish Teas. Trays for the Beach." When he had read it for the hundredth time he began to boil.

Thousands of holidaymakers passed him in the glow of the sunset. He didn't see them. He saw only a henpecked little man on a train. He wanted to smash things.

SHE turned up just before half-past eight.

"You're late," he said.

"The big picture——" she began.

"You're late," he said.

"Then come on."

"You're late," he said.

Three times! And nobody had ever said that to Gladys more than once. She raised her eyebrows in a way that was rather like flicking a fly off the edge of a plate.

"I've been here since a quarter to eight," he went on.

To which she didn't say a word. What could you say to a silly thing like that?

"Three-quarters of an hour you've kept me waiting."

She was amazed. The impertinence of it! Actually *complaining*!

"Three-quarters of an hour," he repeated.

"Do you good!" she said.

And she was going to walk away, but he caught her sleeve.

"We've got to get this straight," he said.

She looked most indignant and pulled her sleeve free.

"You may have been able to keep the others waiting," he said, starting a speech.

But she cut him short and wanted to know who he thought he was. And what was *any* man, anyway? Jolly lucky that she turned up at all. Men ought to feel proud to wait. What else were they good for? Indeed!

"We've got to get this straight," he said all over again, wishing there was some logic in her.

*She raised her eyebrows in a way that was rather like flicking a fly off the edge of a plate.*
*"I've been here since a quarter to eight," he went on.*
*To which she didn't say a word. What could you say to a silly thing like that?*

But that was the trouble. There wasn't. No reasons, just damn silly statements. You couldn't argue anything. You couldn't prove anything. You waited an hour, and then you found that something was *your* fault.

"The point is," he said, nearly snarling, "are you going to be on time to-morrow night?"

"There isn't a man on earth worth ——" she was beginning. And then she seemed to hear what he said, and she stopped. She stared at him quite bewildered.

"To-morrow night?" she said.

"Yes."

"There isn't going to be any to-morrow night," she said.

And there wasn't.

He turned up, but she didn't. And that was the end of it.

"Pack her up," he told himself. "That's the best thing to do."

And he packed her up.

And Percy something-or-other came along, and waited. Percy Waddle.

He stood across the way from the pier entrance one evening and watched Percy Waddle waiting. A solid hour. When she turned up she smiled at Percy Waddle and walked straight on to the pier. And Percy Waddle followed.

There's one born every minute. . . .

He laughed.

"Darn good thing I packed her up," he said. "She seems to have the idea that mere males are dirt."

He heard rumours from time to time. There was even one to the effect that Gladys and Percy Waddle were going to be engaged. He never knew if anything came of it.

The war arrived. The lights went out on the sea front. The pier closed. The holidaymakers vanished. He joined the Forces and went away. Dunkirk, North Africa. . . .

He forgot all about her. Best thing.

He never saw the old town again until last week, and the sight of it hit him between the eyes. Barricades, tank traps, barbed wire, concrete things by the thousand, with *ivy* growing over them in places. A terrible emptiness. A terrible silence.

He stopped on the lonely sea front near a broken blue door which hung on its hinges. Pale white letters which had nearly vanished announced in a whisper: "Fish Teas. Trays for the Beach."

He shook his head. How very long

HUMAN MACHINE

## Improvement Begins at Home

**There is a fundamental fact of life of which few people seem really aware. Yet it is so simple.**

**It is just this—that we are, each of us, more nearly master of our intellect and our character than we are of anything else in the whole world.**

**We each have a power over ourselves that we have over no one else. We each have a control over ourselves that no one else can possibly have over us.**

**"Physician heal thyself!" has long been a favourite retort. Yet "Psychologist improve thyself!" would be a much juster one. For whereas we can't all be physicians, we can all be psychologists.**

**Indeed, we all are psychologists from the mere fact of possessing a mind.**

**The plain truth is that if we would only pay more attention to our own faults, our own bad habits, our own shortcomings, and leave other people to pay attention to theirs, we should do ourselves a lot of good. That's just sense.**

**The ideal at which we should aim is a hard one—but we should aim at it none the less. We should endeavour to take a genuinely impartial and scientific view of ourselves.**

**We should try, if only occasionally, to see ourselves as others see us. Hard? Certainly. Very hard. But how many of us even try?**

**And when we have learned to do that, if only very badly, very inadequately, very superficially, we should make a special point of doing something about the things we see.**

**We should try to cure the bad. We should try to strengthen the good. We should try, in fact, to improve ourselves.**

**It's very tempting to go around trying to improve other people. But it's no good. Improvement, like charity, should begin at home!**

## Short Story
## By Will Scott

t all seemed. And was he lucky
ve got out of it!
the dusk he stopped to light a
ette near a gate. The gate creaked
he heard two women's voices. The
he knew at once. The women did
e him. He kept still and listened.
m sure you could wait another
y minutes. There'll be a 'bus
"
lo!" That was Gladys's voice, and
m as ever. It was too dark to see
she looked like, but he wondered.
then, suddenly, what she said was
important than what she looked

lo! I promised Charles I'd be home
x o'clock, and six o'clock it's got
"
ut he's not on his own. He's——"
don't care," came Gladys's voice
. "I said six o'clock, and that's
to be the time. I've never broken
ord to him yet, and I'm not going
art. Charles expects me at six, and
les shall see me at six. I'm not
to keep him waiting."

which the listener in the dark
nearly jumped out of his skin.
"*Mustn't keep Charles waiting.*"
Gladys again. And off she went.
e gate creaked again and he struck
lighter. The woman at the gate
ed at him and he looked at her.
recognised each other from the
s before the war.
Hallo!" she said. "Home on
?"
nodded.
Wasn't that Gladys?" he said.
Yes."
it's a long time since. . . . I've been
for more than four years. Bit out
ouch. What happened about Percy
dle? There was some talk——"
Percy? Oh, she married Percy."
*Married* him?"
he woman laughed.
Wouldn't stop waiting about for
And then, of course, with the war,
were scarce."
But——yes, but——*Charles?*"
Charles?" said the woman. "Oh,
rles. Yes, she's just crazy about
rles. Nothing she can't do for him.
really, he is a little darling, you
. He'll be two years old to-
row."

## Let Us Take Our Stand

*E hears it again, that old blood-soaked phrase, that "It's not Germans themselves, but their lers' ways." And as each word ads like a cancer dread, some genera- unborn is labelled dead! And their h will be by a German hand, unless time we take our stand!*

*e hear it again, it blows darkly down . "That a nation can't die for its lers' crime." And that "when it's all we'll try once more to prevent the mans from liking war." But for God's e let us such hypocrisy shed, in the ne of the living, and in faith to the d.*

*et us take our stand with tried nds and true, and the ways of peace by side pursue. Let us hold fast hose by whose side we've fought, and se to let it all come to naught. For world cries out as it's cried before, ve not your faith to the makers of ."*

*T'S keep step with those who came to our aid, when peace from the earth med certain to fade. And remember never before that the crime was Ger- n, and don't let there be a next time.*
*. M.*

# Reign of Terror from Borstal

### BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

WOMEN in the country are living in terror of escaping Borstal boys.

Week after week the escapes go on.

The fugitives roam the countryside, breaking into houses to steal cash and firearms, clothes and coupons, food and jewellery—and to cause havoc.

I have just been touring Kent. I have found that reports of a "wave of terror" have not been exaggerated.

I know, too, that many of the "boys" are tough young men who menace society.

A woman living in the Rochester area was out shopping recently when a Borstalian escaped. She returned home to find that her house had been "visited."

### Elderly Victims

Furniture had been deliberately damaged, locked drawers had been forced open, money and jewellery stolen.

While ransacking the upstairs rooms, the fugitive had fixed a mirror so that he could see the approach of anyone towards the front door.

Twice within a few months has this house been ransacked. And the occupants are so afraid of vengeance that they begged me not to reveal their names and addresses.

Not far away, two elderly women live in a bungalow that was broken into during daylight. They cowered in one room—afraid to call for help lest they enraged the Borstal ruffian who looted the house and then disappeared.

**Another elderly woman, when an absconder broke into the house, was threatened, gagged with an apple and a piece of cloth, then tied to a chair, so that she "could not interfere."**

**Then followed the usual ransacking of the house—and the ruffian's disappearance.**

### Used Old Bayonet

In almost every village these incidents have become common. Women do not feel safe if they are left alone. Husbands on night work are frightened of what might happen during their absence—for locked doors are no protection against the marauders from Borstal.

Now a petition is to be sent to the Home Secretary. A large percentage of the hundreds of people who have signed have had their homes burgled.

I go further. It seems to me that there should be a public inquiry concerning the Rochester Institution and others throughout the country where similar circumstances exist.

The root of the trouble does not lie in any particular institution. According to the Home Office, Borstal training is not compatible with completely safe custody of those who are detained in them.

The Rochester Borstal is a test case.

It houses about two hundred youths whose ages range from sixteen to twenty.

These youths are not supervised like prisoners when they go out in working parties on the Kentish hills, or at night when they are "confined" to quarters.

A locked main door and a 10-ft. wall make little difference! The escapes go on.

Breakaways from working parties, breakouts from the Institution, are made at all hours. The "boys" abscond with monotonous regularity and claim their victims over a wide area.

**Five escaped on a recent night. Next night, two more gained their freedom. A whole series of robberies followed.**

I spoke to Mr. Stephen Bundy, surveyor to the Malling Urban District Council, whose home has twice been forced within 12 months.

**"The last 'visit' happened one evening when my wife and I were away for an hour and a half," he said. "We returned home to find that our furniture had been wantonly damaged and a good many things stolen.**

**"The lads seem to have used an old bayonet to open tins of food. After a meal, they spread treacle, jam and margarine over chairs and carpets, and behaved in other disgusting ways I won't describe.**

**"My case is not exceptional. There are at least sixty residents in this district alone who have suffered in the same way. But nothing is done about it."**

Indeed, the Home Office has calmly informed Mr. Bundy that "Borstal training is not compatible with complete safe custody."

There follows this amazing sentence: "It would not be possible to develop self-discipline if steps were taken to ensure that escapes were impossible."

Plainly, therefore, all the people living near Borstal Institutions now know the dangers that may confront them.

Plunder and violence!

**Thus, a Borstal boy who escaped broke into three houses. From one of them he stole a shotgun and cartridges.**

**That same evening, a woman returning home could not open the front door. Going round to the back, she heard a shot fired close to her, followed by the sound of running feet as the young gunman fled.**

**The house, of course, had been ransacked by the example of "self-discipline" which the Home Office extols.**

**This fugitive also stole property from some W.R.N.S. quarters. When caught and brought before the local Juvenile Court, he was sentenced to the nominal one-day's imprisonment and ordered back to Borstal!**

Which means that he may escape again at almost any time that suits his convenience.

Little satisfaction is given to people who have suffered from the young hooligan refugees from the Rochester Borstal. Except that the Governor offers his regrets for any inconvenience caused

*Breakaways from working parties are frequent*

and states that "all possible steps are taken to keep this kind of nuisance within bounds."

Yet in one week there were eighteen escapes

Village inns, country mansions, labourers' cottages, Army quarters—and the Governor's house—have all been broken into, property stolen and ruthless damage done.

Recently, an East Suffolk official committee made representations to the Home Office because of the frequent escapes of youths from the Borstal at Hollesley Bay, near Ipswich.

"The position is becoming intolerable to the police and to the public," said the chairman, Lord Cranwell.

### Widespread Incidents

**In the Ipswich as in the Rochester area, there are complaints that the fugitives have plundered households and terrorised the whole district. Three of them armed themselves with hand grenades stolen from a military store!**

The Borstal at Feltham, Middlesex, has a long list of absconders. One of them has escaped ten times from custody.

From Portland, Dorset, comes a similar story of escapades, robberies and burglaries by gangster youths.

Indignant householders, seeking compensation for property damaged or stolen, have been rebuffed by the Home Office.

But an inquiry into the whole Borstal system is overdue.

People in "Borstal areas" have a right to protection.

## PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

*Mr. H. Kay, Hacking Street, Manchester 8, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for useful information.*

*Readers are urged to write about any suspected ramp or scandal that needs inquiry or exposure. Address: Public Benefactor, John Bull, 93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

## PLEASE DON'T LAUGH—ON SUNDAY

IT isn't only the Sunday-show-for-Servicemen that inflames the intolerant indignation of the kill-joys.

And at one Home Counties town there is a lot of ill-feeling in consequence.

A munitions manufacturer, Mr. J. W. Shillan, decided to give his workers a party. He wanted to show his appreciation for all they had done, and he wanted the day and night staffs to "get together."

Which meant that the party must be held on a Saturday or Sunday, and the only place large enough was the town hall.

But on Saturday evenings the town hall is reserved for a Serviceman's dance, so Mr. Shillan sought permission to hire it for a Sunday meeting.

The town council replied by a horrified refusal.

Mr. Shillan pointed out that the party would cause no hardship to the town hall staff, for he would provide all the necessary labour himself.

His workers protested too. Many of them live away from their homes, some in lodgings with very little comfort, and they both need and deserve a little diversion.

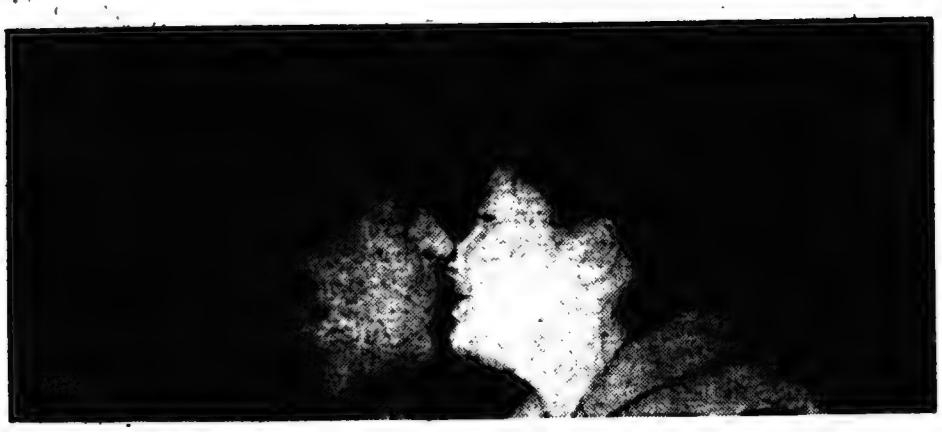
But, so far, the councillors are obdurate. They seem to be convinced that laughter on Sunday is blasphemous, and to be as puritanical as the ancient resident of their town who became famous for

"Hanging of his cat on Monday
"For killing of a mouse on Sunday."

And it seems to me that petty interference with other people's pleasures is becoming a national scandal.

The opinion of the troops on the kill-joys has been summed up by the Minister for War as "ridiculous."

I think the majority of civilians will endorse that verdict.



*For Servicemen who can only see the girl they love at long intervals, engagements should be short*

**★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).**

# Engagements Can't Go On For Ever

YOUNG people in love are naturally impatient for marriage, but there are many proverbs warning against undue haste.

It is usual for moneyed people to have a short engagement; the majority have to wait, sometimes for several years, while the man saves capital to start the home and the girl works to fill her "bottom drawer."

A reader wants to know what is a reasonable length of time for a courtship to last.

**"I know a man," he writes, "who courted for fifteen years, but another man came along, won her affection, and married her within three months. In his wife he has gained a pearl of great price.**

**"Yes, and the other man realised her value when it was too late. I had no sympathy to give him, however, for I say he did not deserve to win her.**

**"This is not an isolated case by any means. There have been many others like that, and it surprises me that any girl will tolerate such treatment involving the best years of her life."**

After which he asks the question mentioned above. For young people who can see one another only at long intervals I think engagements should be short—say a year—but if they see one another frequently, several times a week, courtship can be a very happy time and can be more protracted.

MORE than happy: it gives the couple time to get to know one another well, and if they discover they can't pull together it is not too late to think again. But two or three years are long enough.

The idea of a man's keeping a girl waiting from twenty to thirty-five is absurd. Such a "laggard in love" is obviously not ready for marriage. I believe the poet Tennyson waited almost as long, but that was due to lack of income.

Another man has a different sort of problem.

**"Indifferent health has impaired my earning capacity," he says, "and I have little surplus money to spend on the other sex. This has had the effect of making me virtually a social outcast!**

**"Few girls trouble to speak to me, knowing that I can't afford to take them to dances and cinemas, or stand them drinks and occasional meals.**

**"To add to my disadvantage, my clothes are somewhat shabby.**

**"Once or twice I have asked girls to have a walk with me, but the idea has been laughed to scorn.**

**"Going about alone, I have known the full measure of bitterness when I have passed fellows and girls strolling arm-in-arm, laughing and joking with each other, and evidently on good terms with life.**

**"Lack of hard cash barring me from feminine companionship, what pleasure has the workaday world to offer? Very little, in my opinion, though I should like to have your views."**

It is against my rules to say in which part of the country this reader lives, but somehow I can't believe that all the single girls are "gold-diggers."

There is no disgrace in wearing shabby clothes in war time; indeed, it is regarded as patriotic to "make do and mend," just as it is patriotic to avoid spending money unnecessarily.

I could, of course, remind the man that there are other pleasures in life besides feminine company—reading, music, crafts, hobbies, cycling, the comradeship of other men—but if (as I assume) he is young enough to crave for friendship with the other sex I am not going to advise him to renounce it.

WE can all enjoy the beauties of Nature, but to a lonely man the most beautiful place can seem a mockery and a torment.

*Except I be by Sylvia in the night,*
*There is no music in the nightingale.*

Shakespeare knew what he was talking about.

And here is a letter from a reader about a subject dealt with on this page a short time ago:

**"I am glad to see that JOHN BULL is backing up the new Education Bill, in spite of one or two weak spots, and I heartily agree with what you say about the social caste that mars the present system.**

**"Tell anyone that you were educated in a Council School and the reply is 'Oh, I see,' and you can feel the atmosphere grow several degrees more chilly.**

**"This is absurd. But so long as a man is estimated not by his ability and character but by the social position of his parents it will go on.**

**"The unfortunate result is that children who have been to a 'better' school not only avoid friendships with less lucky children, but are often 'snobby' towards their own parents."**

True enough. Schools are often blamed when the real trouble lies in our ideas of social values.

They are all lopsided. The man who does an expert job of engineering is looked down upon by the man who merely makes out his pay-sheet! Could anything be crazier?

# Voice of the

**★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

*ON the way out to India, Pte. F. G. Hill, R.A.M.C., called at a South African port where the local people gave a hearty welcome to the troops. He writes to his mother at Cherry Close, Tulse Hill, London, S.E.:*

Slowly we entered the harbour past a vivid green hillside on our left, and tied up in dock. We saw once again things like trains, cars, trolley-buses, advertising posters, and at night electric signs that winked and twinkled. War seemed a long way off.

The dockside was full of negro labourers in a colourful variety of dress, and for the next hour there was a continuous tinkle of coins being thrown from the crowded rails of the ship to the grinning, scrambling crowd below on the dock.

When we were ashore there were pleasant evenings when we were taken to the homes of local people, where dinner was as delicious as the surroundings were comfortable. The change after life aboard-ship was startling and a joy.

These people showered hospitality on us, and here's a salute to them! Of course, we did the wonderful trip to the Valley of a Thousand Hills. It was a great time while it lasted, and we were sorry to leave a place where we had found such good friends.

## TEL AVIV LUXURY

*During six days' leave in Tel Aviv, Pte. N. Stagg, R.A.O.C., with friend, hit the high spots of luxury and entertainment. He writes to his parents at Stanford Way, Streatham, London:*

We stayed at a really "posh" hotel right on the front. A bit expensive, but what luxury and comfort after a rough life! Beautifully furnished rooms with a veranda overlooking the sea; a feather bed, baths and showers, and, to top it all, a nice bar downstairs!

It was a perfect six days spent in lazing about in chairs by the sea, bathing, eating good food and going to the cinema or some other show at night. In fact, a civilised life again for a brief spell, eating off china plates and drinking out of china cups—and glasses!

The local cabaret shows were very bright, and at one of them I got in rather well with the band and played the drums for two nights, thoroughly enjoying myself.

## NIGHTMARE BY DAY

*Jungle trip in Ceylon is described by Cpl L. Roberts, R.A.F., in a letter to his parents at Leigh Beck, Canvey Island, Essex:*

It was a nightmare journey, trees were blown across the roads at the most awkward places. The roads, owing to heavy rains, were like rushing rivers.

At one point we were held up by a herd of water-buffalo while two of them engaged in a little private war. As we could not go forward until hostilities ceased, we just sat back and watched until one of the contestants took the final count.

We may not earn a lot of money, but we do see things!

*Useful things, Jeeps—but they're not built for comfort*

*First-hand reports of the Italian campaign are reaching many homes in this country. Here is a typical letter from L.A.C. Wealleans, R.A.F., to his mother at Siddons Road, Forest Hill, London, S.E.:*

The other day Eddy and I with a C.O. and another S./Ldr. went off in a Jeep for a destination unknown. As you probably know, Jeeps are small and fast, but they are not built for comfort, so we had a bumpy journey.

For the first few miles all went well, and there were not many obstructions, but after that things became interesting. On all sides there were signs of recent battles.

Knocked-out tanks with guns twisted as if by giant hands, while others were just a heap of scrap.

Wrecked German lorries of all sizes

## READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● If meals for the Forces were as well cooked and decently served, there would be smaller profits at N.A.A.F.I. canteens. —Mr. W. Ellis, Stavely Road, Leicester.

★ ★ ★

A used motor-cycle or other machine may not be sold at more than its pre-war catalogue price. Yet a house-boat sold for £250 thirty years ago was sold recently at auction for £1,210!—W. Cox, Coalville, Leicester.

★ ★ ★

If every husband would undertake the family housekeeping for one week, and attempt to make the rations go round, it would end much domestic nagging and sympathy would replace grousing. —"D. W.," Westcliff-on-Sea.

★ ★ ★

Ministry of Food advertisement states that a 9d. tin of powdered milk is equal to "four pints of milk." That is pure humbug. It is equal to four pints of SKIMMED milk, and is therefore unsuitable for babies and invalids. Why not tell the whole truth in Government advertisements? —"Mother," Elland Road, Leeds.

# Troops

sizes were all over the place, and further evidence of the recent work by the R.A.F. and the artillery in area.

went through some valleys and upwards to the top of a mountain dominated the country for many

oking down from this height rds Jerry's lines was the great River ro, and swung across it was the 400-ft. bridge that is the pride and heart of the Sappers, who built it r very trying conditions.

ey saw the job through in spite of thing that the enemy slung at

er we turned a bend in the road, suddenly there was a deafening ge—our guns were having a "go" erry. We passed through towns e the fighting had been fierce, and aces roads had been mined, which t that travel even in a Jeep was lit.

last we came to a notice, which : "Please drive slowly—dust brings r and machine-gun fire."

we went on slowly until we reached journey's end, which was a warm r.

## WATER, HEAT AND ANTS

*A recent "Voice" letter from a rgeant serving in India described e "large airy rooms" in which oops were billeted. This has ought a spirited reply from three Jungle Wallahs" serving in India, o write indignantly:*

ello, JOHN BULL! We have just read letter of Sgt. Barrett, and the of this unit are all burned up about

the thousands of troops in this forsaken country are living in nice, e, airy rooms!!! Not to mention large fans which can be switched on ill to keep them nice and cool.

hen, of course, they are served by with hot tea and cakes, with the -boys following on behind.

t. Barrett must be one of the "Blue- d Boys with a Cushy Number" serv- at a station like Delhi, Calcutta, or bay, or else he is "kidding."

nyway, we are not so comfortable as ls. Here the heat is terrific, and g to an oversight we have no fans, tric or manual.

e have just got over being washed of our beds by the monsoon, and we are being slowly roasted in our s, where we can all sweat it out ther along with the bugs, ants and r wild life that keep us company in Happy Valley.

e don't mind this so much, but we id hate people at home to get the that life out here is one long picnic. ce this letter. Cheerio, JOHN BULL, don't spare your punches!

## UNGALLANT ALLIES

*Troops in Italy are sometimes itical of the Italian soldier. Cpl. Shaw, R.E.M.E., writes to a friend Prince Edward Square, Earlswood, rrey:*

hen we invaded this country many he Italian soldiers promptly changed n their uniforms into civilian clothes, went to "cover" with relatives or nds. How's that for co-operation!

hen we have had groups of prisoners ar at work and were often amazed he end of the day that the numbers each group had increased most re- rkably. The extra men are, of course, llow" Italians anxious to be treated P.O.W.

take a poor view of these skunks.

# A Man to Watch

By Hannen Swaffer

CAN Herbert Morrison's week-end speeches make him, eventually, Prime Minister in the next Labour Government? Or will they drive away support from his own people?

Herbert Morrison and his future becomes more and more a puzzle. And the paradox about him is that many consider him too powerful a man to lead! Trade unionists, since MacDonald betrayed them, fear handing over too much power to one individual.

When, last week, I attended a little party held to celebrate Socialism's ten years of power in the London County Council, I saw that side of the man which only his immediate associates know—his friendliness, his tact, and his extraordinary gift of working in co-operation.

### Ten Years Ago

In March, 1934, as I sat beside him in the offices of the London Labour Party in Westminster Bridge Road, we waited for the results of the election which was to make him "Prime Minister of London," and the man who, when Labour was in the Slough of Despond, was to give encouragement, because of his success, to Socialists all over the world.

He was then not even an M.P., for, like many others, he had lost his seat in the 1931 débâcle, over two years before.

Ten years later, when I heard him addressing the Labour men and women on the L.C.C., he was Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, a member of the War Cabinet and, after Churchill himself, the outstanding figure in Parliament.

Yet, although obviously the man best fitted to lead Labour to victory in a post-war election, he had been refused the treasurership of his Party a few months before.

### Praise for L.C.C.

And this week, it is feared, instead of modernising its machine as Morrison would have done, that Party is expected to appoint as secretary, not a man whose drive and enthusiasm could inspire the officials and the rank-and-file, but one of the older officials.

If this happens, it will be another blow to those who see in Labour's defeat of Toryism the only hope of a post-war settlement. On the other hand, it will strengthen the hands of those who, at a private meeting to which I was invited last week, made another attempt to bring about unity among all the Parties of the Left.

When Morrison was addressing his old followers on the L.C.C., I heard the answer to those who consider him a dictator, and a boss. I heard, too, the answer to those Liberals who read into his latest week-end speech, an argument for the development of the White Paper technique, what they consider a betrayal of our Parliamentary system.

The truth is that Morrison knows that the building of a new social order would take a century, at the present rate.

Why, during the first six days of debate on the Education Bill, a mere nothing compared with the vast reform plans ahead, the Commons reached only fourteen clauses out of the 114 which make up the Bill!

Probably his plan would, to some degree, follow that found to work so well on the L.C.C.—the delegation of detail to committees. This is also part of the Congress system in Washington.

Morrison's eulogy of the L.C.C.'s work was unqualified.

"This show is all right," he said. "It has kept itself absolutely above reproach as regards favouritism, jobbery and corruption. . . ."

He delighted in what they had done together.

"When, at the end of my life, the time comes to look back," he said, "I believe I shall regard the days I led you here as the six happiest and most productive years of my life. We *did* things. We achieved results.

"You gave me a magnificent opportunity in large-scale government."

Then, proving his adherence to the democratic system, he said he wished the Opposition was stronger.

"I'd almost like to give them a hand myself," he said. "It isn't healthy. . . . Anyway, at the end, you will have built a new London which will bear comparison with any city in any land."

Morrison, after making London the best governed city in the world—this he did in three years—made enemies in his own Party, when at the Home Office, by his downrightness over fire-watching orders, and his refusal to allow the firemen to do war work instead of sitting around.

### Once a Van Boy

His unexpected defence of the Government's refusal to implement the Beveridge Plan and his release of Mosley aroused suspicions and still get for him occasional interruptions when he speaks.

His reply to the first would be that, as a minority member of a Coalition, he was bound to accept joint responsibility. As for the Mosley case, the Commons has endorsed his action.

On the other hand, the speeches he has made during the last eighteen months are the only outline by any statesman of a post-war policy. For eighteen months now, all on his own, he has explained from the platform in city after city how, in his view, a Labour Government would steer between "private interests" and national ownership, limit the profit motive, work out a sound economic policy, modernise the Empire, lessen the power of monopolies and cartels, speed up the Parliamentary machine, and transform, indeed, the whole mechanism of Government.

These speeches lack, however, inspiration. They might reassure; they would not win votes. Morrison, a man with a tidy mind, lacks passion.

They say—yes, both Socialists and Churchill!—that he is "talking on his own." Some in his own Party say he is making too obvious a bid for leadership. More than that, he has uttered implied criticisms of Labour's method of choosing old trade union officials as Parliamentary candidates; this may alienate more people in Labour's ranks.

But, anyway, he is enunciating policy and—both in criticism and in constructiveness—he is adding to the public knowledge. How many are doing that?

"Labour is afraid to accept the responsibilities of office," I often hear. That, anyway, is not true of Morrison.

He may be only a London policeman's son who started working life on the back of a van. But his courage of mind and power of decision are equalled, in the Government, only in the person of Winston himself.

And, after all, Lincoln was born in a log cabin.

*Mr. Morrison has come to be known as the "Week-end political philosopher"*

## Leave the Nice Noises Alone!

I SPENT the other evening reading in a room fitted with an electric clock and an electric fire. It was ghastly. I know I'm old-fashioned, but still I insist it was ghastly.

The clock didn't tick; the cinders (since there weren't any) didn't pop. There wasn't a sound at all. It was enough to drive you mad.

Now, fires and clocks that don't make a sound would be counted by some as modern improvements, but after my experience of the other evening I can't agree.

★ ★ ★

It's often argued that there is too much noise in modern life and a lot of clever people have given a lot of time to cutting it down.

They've invented new materials for making walls of trains, and even new materials for making walls of tunnels. When, after the war, they really get going, I should think that in about five years they'll have taken all the sound out of travel.

If we pat them on the back enough and call them bright boys they'll take all the sound out of everything.

After which the first man who makes a real din will be hailed as a great discoverer and somebody will put up a statue to him.

If you're going to cut out the sounds of clocks ticking and cinders popping, why not cut out the sound of rain on the windows with special glass and the sound of good old Smith coming up the front path with something like rubber crazy paving?

Why not cut out the sound of *talk*? Make it illegal. Make everybody pass little notes to one another.

Why not cut out the sound of cheering? Why not cut out the sounds of a Real Do on Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday? Why not cut out the sound of *laughter*?

No, it's a crazy idea. Dead silence is worse than hanging.

★ ★ ★

There are nice noises and nasty noises. The clever boys ought to draw up a list before they start being clever.

If they *must* cut out noises, what about electric drills and John Sebastian Bach?

A. G.

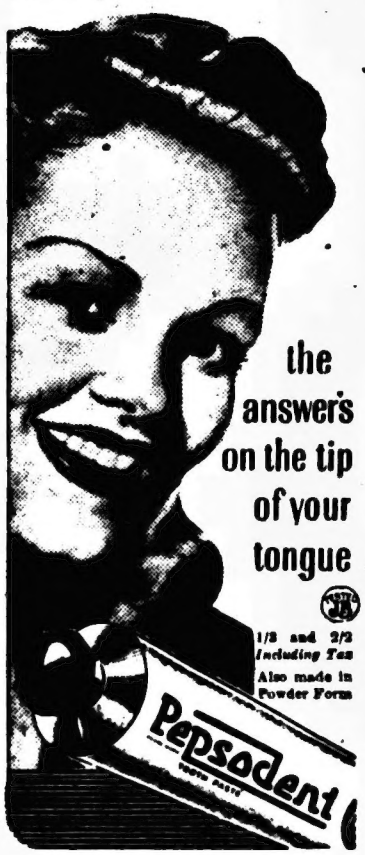
SHE WAS ANTI-ANNIE
I CAN'T THINK WHY YOU ASKED YOUR AUNT TO STAY WITH US — EVERYTHING'S SO DIFFICULT NOW
YOU KNOW I HAD TO, BELLE. YOU MIGHT BE KINDER ABOUT IT
NEXT MORNING
SORRY NOT TO GO OUT WITH YOU, AUNT JESSIE! IT'S WASH-DAY — I'M JUST GOING TO LIGHT THE COPPER
MY DEAR GIRL, YOU DON'T STILL BOIL CLOTHES?
OF COURSE I BOIL CLOTHES! I LIKE TO GET THEM CLEAN!
BUT IT ISN'T NECESSARY! LET ME SHOW YOU MY WAY
YOU JUST SOAK THE CLOTHES CLEAN FOR 12 MINUTES IN RINSO. A WASH THROUGH, A RINSE, AND THEY'RE READY!
BUT THEY'RE MARVELLOUS! I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT
THAT NIGHT
AUNT JESSIE'S BEEN A BRICK! SHE'S SHOWN ME A MARVELLOUS WAY OF WASHING WITHOUT BOILING
AHA — SO YOU'RE NOT ANNOYED WITH YOUR OLD MAN, THEN?

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, one coupon; 7d. packet, two coupons

R3195-836 JB *R. S. Hudson Limited*

*Do you look lovely when you smile?*

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film clean away.



*Readily taken*

It is never any trouble to get them to take *Lixen*. This gentle, pleasant-tasting corrective is non-griping and so mild that it is just as suitable for Kiddies as for grown-ups. Made from senna pods *Lixen* is completely safe and non-habit-forming.

*LIXEN ELIXIR* in bottles 2/3, 3/11,
*LIXEN LOZENGES*, fruit flavoured, in bottles 1/8,
Purchase Tax included.

*Made in England by* ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.

**LIXEN** THE GOOD-NATURED *Laxative*

L/51 H

# LAST LAUGH

DOCTOR (Essex).—"I once rented a surgery that was haunted." By a sliding panel patient?

G. L. (Leeds).—"When Frank Sinatra croons in a New York night club there are always some of his listeners who faint with emotion." In London night clubs the prices alone have this effect.

R. L. (Oxford).—"As an amateur fireman I was once swept off my feet when a hose was accidentally turned on me." Jet-propulsion?

R. L. (Rye).—"A Berlin newspaper declares that London 'bus passengers bite one another in the rush to secure seats." We recently felt a gnawing pain on a 'bus but decided it was due to rising late and missing breakfast.

M U. H. (Lancs).—"My wife says she bought her new hat for a song." But you had to supply the notes?

PLAYGOER (Cardiff).—"I have half a mind to write a play." Judging from productions we have seen recently, that is all you need to write one.

GEORGE (Leeds).—"I am looking forward to a 'Peace Holiday' this summer." You are not taking the wife and kids with you, eh?

F. N. (Chepstow).—"Real pork sausages are promised in March and I hope they turn up." Why shouldn't they? The trousers did.

B. P. (Crewe).—"Can you quote an example of safety in numbers?" Certainly, "999" on the dial telephone system!

T. C. (Ayr).—"One day my wife says I'm the light of her life, and the next day she calls me a worm." Perhaps she means you are a glow-worm.

S. B. (Esher).—"I have had a reconciliation with my grocer." A complete agreement on all points?

W. A. (Dumfries).—"Will we have peace this summer?" Yes, if the wasps and midges keep away from us.

B. P. (Bury).—"Even in war time most of us hunger after something." You mean after a meal?

N. P. (Kensington). — "The worst singer I ever heard opened her mouth wide and closed her eyes." You wished she would reverse the order?

BERT (Brixton).—"By the company a man keeps he is judged." And sometimes "jugged."

MADGE (Margate).—"If I go to history I find no record of the perfect man." No, you must go to the churchyard for that.

**OLD BILL:** BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

*"No, it's all right. He's only on an important job for the War Office. Trying out a new sea-sickness cure before the Invasion!"*

## Side-Slips

SHIELDS EVENING NEWS:—"Tonbridge, Kent, National Savings Committee has decided to give every PAPER born next year in the town a half-crown savings stamp. . . ."

MIDLAND DAILY TRIBUNE:—". . . broke down and ROBBED at the Old Bailey. . . ."

DAILY MIRROR:—". . . and a case containing silver FIST servers, value £7 10s."

ROSS-SHIRE JOURNAL:—". . . a horseman on a neighbouring farm has been fined £10 or 60 YARDS for failing to attend. . . ."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—"The women made the goods and sold MEN. . . ."

## GREATEST OF THESE

●. Some stories are best told simply. "They speak for themselves," as we say. Such are the facts about a Welshwoman who now lives in Bangor.

She and her family were bombed out of their London home in those unforgotten "blitz" days of October, 1940. A few days later she was injured.

Just a year later her ribs were broken in an air attack on another town in which she had made her home.

Recently, her ex-Serviceman husband died. She owes money for his medical treatment. And she owes £12 for his burial—money she borrowed from a local shopkeeper.

Two of her children are of school age. The third, aged fifteen, is waiting for a job as a railway clerk.

Her only income is £1 16s. 6d. a week.

Those are the facts, simple, but moving. Now, JOHN BULL will lighten that widow's cruel burden and ease the worries of other Service families if you will generously send a donation to the Secretary. JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, W.C.2, earmarking your envelope "War Sufferers."

We'll send an acknowledgment if you give your name and address, though we're just as pleased to receive anonymous donations

Particularly are we grateful to an old-age pensioner who has sent us 10s.—a week's pension and this reader's third gift.

All the Fund's administrative costs are borne by JOHN BULL, and copies of subscriptions are available on request.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

**First Prize £50—"Bullets" 1,415**

**G. L. Merten, Carpenters Farm, Gt. Bentley, Colchester, for this "Bullet":—**

**ABOVE ALL**
**OTHER "PIN-UP GIRLS," MOTHER!**

£10: J. Cuthbert, 6, Woodend Cotts., Cowgates, Fife.

**Hello For All—Live And *Help* Live!**

£5: W. G. Daish, Harrow Cottage, Watchingbury.

**Started Something—Mr. And Mrs. Shickelgrueber.**

£4: Mrs. A. Mountford, 116, Hirstgate, Mexborough.

**Fighting For Britain—And *Bit* Of Britain!**

£3: S. F. Slater, 91, Bedford Rd., Ruislip, Middx.

**Above All—The Din, Spring's "Whispering."**

£2: J. Moss, 126, Sidney St., Bolton.

**Fighting For Britain—And Against—That's "Irish"!**

**NEXT WEEK UP GOES "Bullets" FIRST!**

4 Prizes of 20s.:

A. R. Cocker, "Glyn Bran." Upper Cwmbran, Mon.
**In Sandy's Safe—Eggs—Money In Incubator!**

S. N. Merriott, 6, Brook St., Lowca, Derby.
**Battered Brits—Arousing Sympathy—"Crash B"!**

J. Mellor, 7, Yew St., Droylsden, Lancs.
**Sinking Feeling—Auntie's Periscope Gave Eloquent**

Miss E. West, 15, Frederick St., N. Meadowfield, Co. Durham.
**Still In Hitler's—Mind, Gas—Mind Gas-mask!**

A list of 5 winners of 25s. and 60 of £1 can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

## OVER 350 PRIZES

**WON IN "LAUGH-LINES"**

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order F—A—D—J entered by following 12 competitors, who thus share £75: F. Bailey, Blaby; T. Baker, Whitton; W. Brockley, Runcorn; J. Crook, Rochdale; J. Duckworth, Rainhill; E. & Parley, W. Norwood; Mrs. G. A. Foreman, Ivorton; J. Inglis, Walton; W. McDowell, Londonderry; R. Snowdon, Carlisle; Mrs. M. Wilson, Armley; A. Yates, Wednesbury.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 8 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order shown—2nd Runners-up Awards for 295 entrants with FIRST TWO.

CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

*John Bull readers!*
*One further Opportunity!*

# The WORLD'S GREATEST SHORT STORIES

IN THIS BOOK

AN AMAZING COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS

...Another Country ...ERNEST HEMINGWAY
...Black Mate ...JOSEPH CONRAD
...Before the Party ...ARNOLD BAUHAM
...Precursor of Judas ...ANATOLE FRANCE
...Kiss ...ANTON CHEKOV
...Twenty-six Men and a Girl ...MAXIM GORKY
...Necklace ...GUY DE MAUPASSANT
...Sabian Night ...BLASCO IBANEZ
...Physician and the Senators Trunk ...R. L. STEVENSON
...Baths ...RICHARD HUGHES
...Two or Three Witnesses ...L. MONTAGUE
Etc., Etc.

Many world-famous authors of short-story writing, including Ernest Hemingway, author of "For Whom The Bell Tolls," the immortal Anatole France, R. L. Stevenson, the brilliant Guy de Maupassant, Bernard Shaw, Anton Chekov, Maxim Gorky, all their brilliant best in "THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHORT STORIES," which "John Bull" this week offers to every reader at a special publishers' price. Here is one superb library-bound volume in attractive, limit-size readers, for the bookcase, an oasis of rest during long and lonely duty.

*Copies of "THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHORT STORIES" are strictly limited. Post the Order-Letter below, together with your remittance NOW.*

Bound in beautiful Artcloth, with design embossed on cover and spine, and title embossed in Gold, the book costs only 5s. Or, with Presentation carriage, packing, and Stationers, etc.

**DO THIS NOW.** Fill in Order-Label and post with Postal Order for 5s. 6d. to: ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., "World's Greatest Short Stories," Book Dept., J.G.2, Kings Langley, Herts. Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross 12 Cash. Offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. *If from N. Ireland or Eire, currency MUST be stated clearly on label.*

BOOK WITH CARE — Carriage Paid Home

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... County .....

If undelivered return to Book Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., Kings Langley, Herts.

STANDARD EDITION 5/0

J.G.2 18/3/44

G.S.S.



THE NATION NEEDS YOUR EYES

**Optabs**
EYE LOTION TABLETS
10, 3/4 & 5/6
...are still recommended as the perfect lotion when freshly made. But, for ...having no immediate access to warm ... we offer
...E LOTION LIQUID
...is ready for immediate use and costs ...per bottle. Optabs Eye Cups 10½d. each. ...AILABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS



## Little Joan Caught a Cold ... and then

Little Joan caught a cold at school and gave it to her sister Mary. She passed it on to Mummy and then Daddy got it too. And Mummy could have stopped that cold running through the family if she'd only known that most chemists now keep a wonderful old recipe all made up ready for use. It is known as the "Parmint" recipe and one dose of this Parmint Syrup will nip practically any cold in the bud right away.

Besides, Parmint Syrup has the great advantage that kiddies like the taste. So they take it readily. And it's just as good for grown-ups.

Be wise. Get a bottle of Parmint Syrup from your Chemist to-day and keep it handy. 1/9d. the bottle including tax.

NOTE.—If you want to make it up yourself, ask for a 1 oz. bottle of the Parmint Concentrated Essences (price 3/1½). It is even more economical that way.

# SO THAT OTHERS MAY BENEFIT

Penzance,
Nov. 30th, 1943.

Dear Sirs,

I feel it my duty to write to you regarding the benefits I have derived from the taking of your Yeast-Vite tablets.

Being on night work I find that they are, as you claim, "the lightning pick-me-up."

You may make what use of this you like, so that others may benefit as I have done.

(Sgd.) R. T.

## NEVER WITHOUT YEAST-VITE

Newcastle-on-Tyne,
October 28th, 1943.

Dear Sirs,

We are never without your Yeast-Vite in our home. We have the greatest faith in it.

(Sgd.) Mrs. T.

*If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/6 or 3/3 size bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets from your Chemist. Do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock; he is doing his best in these difficult times and his supplies are limited to 1/6 and 3/3 sizes (including purchase tax).*
*Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.*

Why Shouldn't You
# LOOK & FEEL Years Younger

PROBABLY not one in ten could guess her real age, she's so astonishingly youthful. Her complexion reflects sparkling health—her figure still neat and trim—and she's so active and happy.

You, too, can keep vital, energetic, full of charm, if you make Bile Beans at bedtime a regular habit. These fine vegetable pills tone you up, purify the blood, rid the system of toxic wastes and create perfect inner health. So look and feel years younger—

By Taking Nightly
**BILE BEANS**



# PRIZES GALORE for 4 LETTERS!

Try "LAUGH LINES!"

FOR just spending an entertaining few minutes on completing a coupon such as yours below, scores of cheques from £5 up to £75 have already brought thrills to Laugh-Lines winners this year.

Just give FOUR KEY LETTERS as directed on your coupon, see that it is posted not later than Monday, March 27—that's the way to collect a fat Laugh-Lines cheque for a few minutes' amusement!

£100 PRIZES VALUE OVER
£75 FIRST PRIZE
1st and 2nd RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value over £25

XWORDS

Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing Xword Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Llingsby Place, London, W.C.2.

A. All Mixed Up—Squad—Mistook Sergeant's Cough!
B. Her Heart Was Broken, But—Couldn't Even Beat Cake!
C. On Dad's Allotment—Bomb Fell—Saved Reputation!
D. Flying Fortress—Towing "Glider"—Auntie Dancing!
E. One Of The Best—Fire-extinguishers, Landlady's Coals
F. Family Warfare—"Mechanised"—Wife Threw Mangle
H. Economy For All—"Yolk Or White, Dear?"
J. Thinking Of Her—Beauty—Lamp-post Spelled His!
K. He's A Taxpayer, So—Patched Boot With—Purse!

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES—ENTRY COUPON BELOW

**HOW YOU CAN WIN £75**

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in columns of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry on at foot of page—or enclose with "Bullets" entry.

1ST 2ND 3RD 4TH

FEE 2 FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose the correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated April 8.

P.O. Value.... No.....
Signed .....
Address .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, MAR. 27.

161

OVER 350 'LAUGH-LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

**RULES** 1.—Bullet First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Ties divide and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullets charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines column used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated April 15, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

£100 CASH £25 PLUS RADIO
BULLETS DOUBLED 1st RADIO and CAKES!

25 4th PRIZE CAKES

**THIS WAY to a "BULLETS" PRIZE**

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. Winners on page 14 (and *Laugh-Lines* above) show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Thursday, April 6.

MARCHING TO VICTORY
POST-WAR PROBLEM
OUR CHILDREN
PEACE KITE
SHOOK THEIR MORALE
RED RUIN
COUNTS FOR NOTHING
SOMETHING TO MARVEL AT
WOMAN AT HOME
SHATTERING

BULLETS 1,415 RESULT appears on page 14

MILLSTONE FOUND HIS NECK
LEARNING HOW
HIGH OFFICIAL
LIFE IN THE FUTURE
WOULD BE WELCOMED
AFTER THE BLITZ
FATHER'S THIRSTY, SO
ABOVE THE DIN
WHEN THERE'S PRECIOUS
WATER, WATER EVERY-
WHERE, BUT

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Make "Bullets" from them as usual.

THE ..... WAY
BAD FOR .....
MORE THAN .....
MAN OF .....
SAVED HIS .....
OH FOR A ..... AND

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated April 8. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....
No. ..... Closing Postmark Monday, MAR. 27
1,419

Signed .....
Address .....

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,419—or "Laugh-lines" 161, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

# PEARL

ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

## ASSURES HOME SERVICE

Despite wartime difficulties and the absence of over 5,000 members of the staff the "PEARL" home service was continued throughout 1943. The extent of this service is indicated by the year's figures.

**£ 10,570,074** CLAIMS PAID IN 1943

**£ 6,617,995** ADDITION TO FUNDS IN 1943

**£129,898,185** TOTAL FUNDS

**BONUSES** In the Ordinary Branch a bonus of £1 per £100 assured was declared on policies entitled to participate in full profits that become claims by death or maturity during 1944.

In the Industrial Branch a bonus has been declared on policies, with certain exceptions, effected before 1st January, 1937, that become claims by death or maturity during 1944. Up to date a total sum of over £7,430,140 has been allocated for bonuses to policy-holders in this Branch. The bonus for 1940, 1941 and 1942 in both Branches is continued unchanged for claims during 1944.

**NATIONAL HEALTH INSURANCE**

Our Agents acting for the National Amalgamated Approved Society made 1,501,369 benefit payments totalling £1,195,739 at members' homes during 1943.

Chief Offices: High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

President and Chairman: Sir George Tilley, F.C.I.I.

Shoe repairs take a long time, are costly and leather today is of inferior quality. But you can

# SAVE SOLES

by dressing them with **SOLITAIRE SOLE LEATHER DRESSING** which feeds, nourishes and makes leather impervious to wet.

MAKES SOLES LAST MUCH LONGER. Easy to use—not messy—no foot marks. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Price 1/- per bottle from Shoe Shops Stores and Grocers.

*Manufactured by*

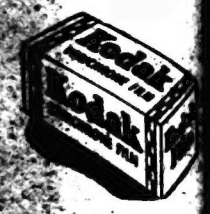
FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3, Brixton Road, London, S.W.9.

SOLITAIRE

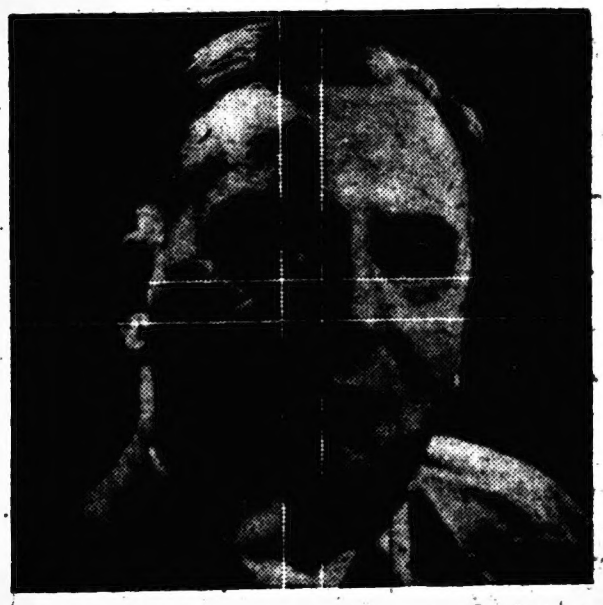
**SOLE LEATHER DRESSING**

## KODAK FILM is in the Shipyard ensuring faultless construction

Detecting unseen flaws in plate construction work, revealing vibration stresses, and in many other critical ways, 'Kodak' Film helps war time shipbuilding. The variable gain principle of Kodak aircraft propellers has now been adapted to marine use, with the aid of vibration analyses recorded on 'Kodak' Film. Such vital work must come first—that's why you can't always get film.




Kodak Limited, Kodak House, Kingsway, W.C.2



RED SQUARES Matured Virginia

BLUE SQUARES Original Mixture

Each 2/11 per oz.

## *As Managing Director*

I say that best materials are cheapest in the long run. In smoking for example, a few pence less per ounce for your tobacco doesn't *really* save money. I pay 2/11, but each pipeful lasts me about an hour, so I am paying less per minute and getting a better smoke into the bargain. My particular choice is FOUR SQUARE Red, because I like a Straight Virginia, but if you prefer a Mixture you can't beat FOUR SQUARE Blue at the same price.

# FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

## *To keep fit INNER CLEANLINESS comes first*

*For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your*

# ANDREWS

Family size 2/-

Guaranteed to contain 6 ozs.

(41-76)

## "Why am I always alone?"

So charming. So appealing. Yet how social chances are spoiled by Oral Offence. Play safe! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Make certain of a fragrant mouth and gleaming teeth.

Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth clean. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence instantly!*

*Play Safe!*

Use Colgate's twice a day 1/1 including Tax

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission to Canada through Canadian Magazine Post. Agents for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., and Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., Ltd. Vesey Street, New York, U.S.A.